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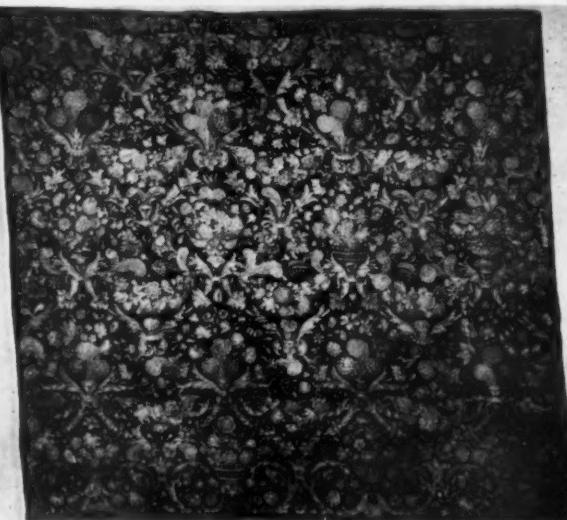
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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS

By HORACE SHIPP

ART which has now taken a firm place in the spending spree of the Christmas season has not yet succumbed to the idea of the January sales. We might start each New Year, therefore, in a mood of what is now called recession were it not that the Royal Academy Winter Exhibitions are offering London's foremost art attraction just at this time. It must be a tremendous problem for the authorities to decide upon an angle on Old Master art for this annual event. This year our hearts beat none the faster at the announcement that the Exhibition was to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Restoration of Charles II. Those of us who had a Puritan upbringing were taught to connote merriness with that monarch rather than virtue or even taste. Our mature reading of such delightful historians as Veronica Wedgwood may have revealed that King Charles could appreciate the organised science of The Royal Society which remains the greatest glory of his reign, and that he had the foresight to see the importance of naval power and so contributed enormously to the subsequent period of British world domination. But we have never seen cause to extol his taste in art, despite the "Beauties" at Hampton Court and the "Admirals" at Greenwich. John Evelyn's project for a Royal Academy of Arts in 1662 received no encouragement from the King, whose bent was more scientific.

So it was the Dutchman, Peter Lely as he chose to be called, and the German, Godfrey Kneller, who received the great patronage of his day, as it was the Dutchmen Willem Van de Velde, father and son, who were brought over to portray the Navy and Naval occasions. This exhibition, however, had made clear King Charles's patronage for that splendid miniaturist, Samuel Cooper, who was accepted as the best miniaturist in Europe. Charles sat for him almost as soon as he returned to England. Cooper miniatures are the real glory of the exhibition, and remind us again that English artists have a genius for the intimate.

Where, indeed, was Charles to turn for an artist belonging to his own kingdom? There was John Riley, but he was a child of fourteen at the Restoration and the legend is that, when he did paint the king, Charles was startled into exclaiming that if he looked like that he must be an ugly fellow. We tend no longer to ascribe the brilliant *Martha Sowerby* in the National Gallery to Riley though we have no other likely name for it. So Riley's truthful somewhat melancholy portraiture gave way before the superficial flattery of the Van Dyck tradition in the hands of Lely and Kneller. His portrait of *Elias Ashmole*, from the Ashmolean, is typically sincere and unembellished.

One revelation of the exhibition is the personality of J. Michael Wright, a Scottish trained painter who claimed the title "Pictor Regius" perhaps on the strength of the enormous portrait of *Charles II Enthroned* which dominates Gallery II. True we have half a dozen portraits by him in the National



Portrait of King Charles II. By Lely. Canvas. 49½ x 40½ ins.
In the possession of The Leger Gallery.

Gallery, but there are nearly a score in this exhibition, and he stands out as the one native painter of the reign. He alone can stand up to the flamboyance of the Lely-Kneller style, as the Coronation Robes over the Garter costume in this vast picture demonstrate. His name has hitherto been given as Joseph not John as the Academy Catalogue consistently calls him. Joseph or John, this Michael Wright is revealed as a portraitist of considerable stature, and an important native contribution during a period when we had all too little patronage for our own artists.

The demands of the historic approach may have caused too many portraits to be included. A first impression is that portraiture almost monopolises the show, but there are some delightfully archaic country house studies, one or two impressions of the Fire of London, the sea-pieces of the Van de Veldes, and a few genre pictures. I would have welcomed some of the flower-pieces by Simon Verelst, for he did achieve such success with them that he went mad, called himself "the God of Flowers" and had to be sent to an asylum for a period. As it happens, his portrait of *Nell Gwynn*, is one of the sensations of the exhibition. It shows Nell in a frilly shift, which as it is open to the waist reveals her charms none too decorously. As the Catalogue tells us

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"when acquired by the present owner it (meaning she) was covered with extensive prudent over-painting". So Nell too, enjoys the liberty of Restoration after Puritan repression.

An aspect of this exhibition which must be remembered is that it sets out to present the craftwork of the period as well as its pictures. This inclusion gives the galleries a splendid appearance: the gleam of the silver which was at its noblest in this age; the fine furniture, sometimes of Baroque splendour, sometimes exquisitely simple; the scientific instruments in the cases devoted to that aspect of progress; the notable contribution of the clocks, most of them ticking merrily to mark a lively centenary, and four of them the work of Thomas Tompion that greatest of clockmakers whose portrait by Kneller is also here. These products of the craftsmen convey the real feeling of Good King Charles's Golden Days. It would have been a reminder of the literary glory of the time if we could have had a case of first editions of some of its great books, for it was the period of Milton's noblest poetry, of Dryden, of the Restoration dramatists and lyricists, and of Evelyn and Pepys, two of the world's greatest diarists and recorders of social history. There are two portraits of each of them, including that from the N.P.G. of Pepys by John Hayls, which is so fascinatingly recorded in the Diary. It would have been delightful to have underlined the literature and the theatre by a more determined assembly of their works in Gallery IV, and the writers on the wall.

Before we leave this subject of XVIIth century Portraiture let me recommend a visit to the Norbert Fischman Gallery where some lovely examples are included in the Exhibition of "Portraits of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Century". Nothing falls precisely into the category of British work of the Restoration Period, though there are Spanish, Italian, and one Dutch work which probably do. From the Caroline period, however, there is a most delightful pair, evidently husband and wife portraits, by William Dobson, and an impressive *Portrait of a Nobleman from the South*, attributed to Van Dyck. The exhibition is being continued throughout January.

THE WHITNEY COLLECTION AT THE TATE

The other tremendous exhibition, likely to draw the town equally with that at Burlington House is of the John Hay Whitney Collection showing at the Tate Gallery. The pictures have been generously gathered by the American Ambassador from his houses both in London and in America, and the Tate are displaying them in splendid style as befits such an exciting collection. A few XVIIIth century works, including a magnificent Blake, *The Good and Bad Angels*; some American classics—Eakins, Winslow Homer, and the famous portrait by Sargent of Robert Louis Stevenson pacing his room among them; two or three contemporary Americans but not of the fashionable Action Painting type; these are the outskirts, as it were, of the works. Thence to the marvels, the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist French paintings. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney clearly buy pictures as pictures should be bought by individuals, because they like each particular painting. So, if their enthusiasm includes Cezanne and early Picasso, and a number of the Fauves of the great days of Fauvism, they stop short of typical Ecole de Paris work. One Picasso Cubist painting, *Homme Assis*, moves over into the non-real, and against this we may set the lovely *Garçon à la Pipe* which is surely one of his really beautiful paintings. Painted in 1905 it is the apotheosis of the Blue Period. Despite the comment in the Catalogue Foreword by John Rothenstein that "it is only just to recall that as Chairman of the Museum of Modern Art Mr. Whitney has given wholehearted and effective support to the widest representation of expressions of the uniquely changeful and



Portrait of a Lady, by William Dobson.
Exhibited at the Norbert Fischman Gallery. Canvas 29 x 24 ins.

radical spirit of the XXth century art" his preference is clearly demonstrated in this personal collection.

There are glorious surprises, not least among them the two Boudin *Flower-pieces* unique in his *oeuvre*, and among the best in this kind; Courbet's study of the *Dog in The Burial at Ornans*, worked out as a full scale picture; a Rouault Water-colour; two Dufy's of the 1905-6 period when he was in the Fauve Group. There is also the surprise of seeing one of the three versions by Renoir of *Le Bal au Moulin de la Galette*, and probably, as the scholarly catalogue notes argue, the one actually painted on the spot whilst the Louvre version was painted from it. Mr. Whitney followed French art into the Fauve period, and among the most thrilling works here are two notable Derains and a Vlaminck of 1906, brilliant in the arbitrary colours affected by the whole group. The collection, however, is so given over to masterpieces that one of Van Gogh's most haunting portraits, a supreme Cezanne Still Life, Gauguin's *Parau Parau*, Monet's *Barques à Etretat*, and Toulouse-Lautrec's *Marcelle Lender dansant le Bolero*, almost quietly take their places among them. Finally, a word of congratulation to the Tate Gallery on a most impressive catalogue worthy of the occasion.

NEW YEAR AT THE LEICESTER

It has become an institution at The Leicester Galleries to open with a resounding New Year Exhibition. This year they have an excellent selection. The Entrance Gallery is devoted to drawings and water-colours, notable among them Augustus John. John is also represented among the oils with a *Landscape* and a Study of *Dorelia*. Ruskin Spear has an early work, a *Nocturne* in Whistlerian vein; William Coldstream has an important *Nude*, and that promising young protégé of the Leicester, Peter Berrisford, is showing two of his characteristic stark paintings of Italian figures in architectural settings. In more modern vein: a large John Piper, Hitchins, and Anthony Fry's *Slow Dance*. My personal enthusiasm was for a Paul Nash, *Ivor Heath under Snow*, painted in 1927; a seasonal winter offering and an example of sensitive tension between art and nature.

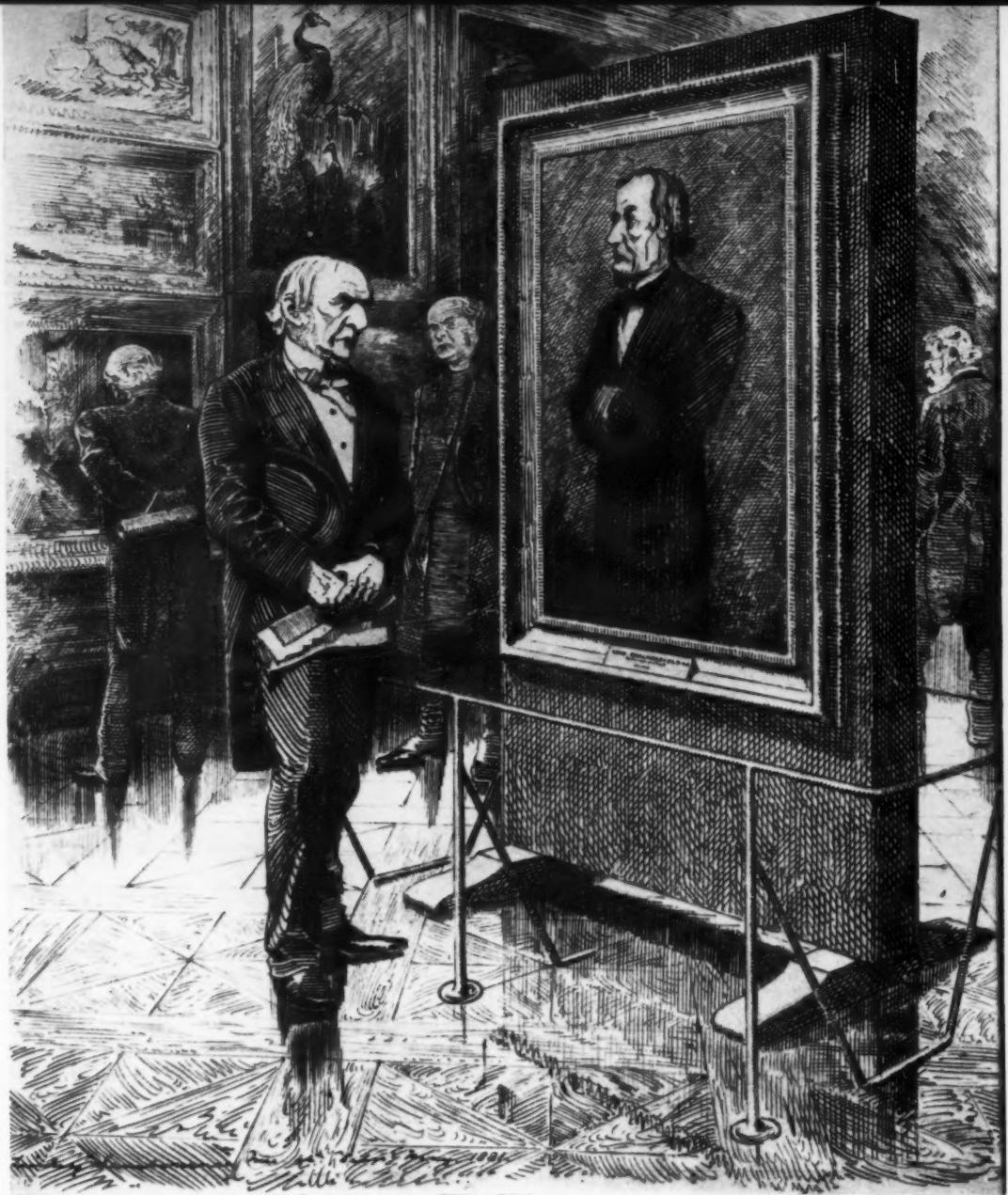


Fig. I. Mr. Gladstone looking at a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield
(Mr. Macdonald witnessed this scene and commissioned Linley Sambourne to draw it).

A GALLERY OF ARTISTS' PORTRAITS A YARDSTICK OF TASTE

By CHARLES CARTER

TRADITIONALLY, patronage is exercised by the progressive, collecting by the conservative. The XIXth century broke away from tradition; patrons and collectors became one. Some were old-fashioned, others *avant-garde* but both collected the work of their contemporaries. The collections they made are the evidence of their taste, and that of their generation; the names in their catalogues reveal the identities of the popular artists of the period.

Not their names only but their portraits provide the yardstick of artist-popularity in an eighty-year-old collection in the Aberdeen Art Gallery. It is a collection within a collection. Alexander Macdonald, a local granite merchant, in building up a conspectus of contemporary work inset a collection of ninety-two portraits of artists. Here is a gallery of those artists which the granite merchant and most of his generation thought to be important.

The socialite hostess proudly displays the celebrities she has hunted; Macdonald pursued the great men in art. The 'bag' of this 'big-name' hunter was every time a brace, the artist for the present, his portrait in perpetuity; the pleasure of the artist's company and a visible reminder of his friendship.

Who was this Alexander Macdonald, friend and patron of artists? He was the son of a Perthshire man who, settling in Aberdeen, had rediscovered the art of polishing granite. Through this discovery he revolutionised the granite trade in Aberdeen and gave its products an international reputation. His granite-built fortune was used by his son to build up a collection of pictures. He made it a habit to buy direct from the artists, many of whom became his friends. He invited them to his home; they returned the compliment by inviting him to the home of art—no other laymen of his time is said to have been invited more often to, or made more

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welcome at, the annual banquets of the Royal Academy. Royal Academicians were heard to express the view that no private gentleman in Britain acted more independently on his own judgment or exhibited greater tact and truer insight in making his art purchases. Their estimation of these qualities would not be uninfluenced by the regularity with which they led him to buy their works and to afford themselves hospitality.

Macdonald's collection of their portraits originated in a passing whim. Towards the end of 1880, John Everett Millais came to stay with him at Kepplestone, his home in Aberdeen. Macdonald had expressed a desire to have a sketch of Millais' head and asked him to sit to George Reid, the leading portrait painter in Scotland, who lived next door.

Millais agreed. The morning after his arrival in Aberdeen, the future President of the Royal Academy strolled over to the studio of the man who was to fill the corresponding office in Scotland, and sat for a couple of hours. The sketch was finished the next morning, signed "to A.M. from G.R. and J.E.M.", and put into a small frame which happened to be lying in the studio. Carried over to Kepplestone and placed on a chair in the hall, it was the first thing to be seen by Macdonald when he returned from his granite yard.

Macdonald was delighted, so pleased indeed, that he lost no time in providing the portrait with a companion. In the July of the following year, Charles Keene, the Punch artist, paid a visit to Aberdeen. Reid painted him in a characteristic attitude, pipe in mouth. A month later, the landscape painter, J. C. Hook, who had been painting in the Orkneys, called at Aberdeen, stayed at Kepplestone and, once again, Reid obliged.

Once you have three of a thing a collection has begun. Macdonald's appetite grew by what it fed on. When he attended the Royal Academy Banquet in 1882, he, as he put it, "booked ever so many members", the President, Sir Frederick Leighton, amongst them and no less than twenty-three altogether. The same number was added the next year. This was wholesale collecting. In 1884, the year of his early death, Macdonald persuaded fourteen more of his artist friends to provide him with portraits. After his death, his widow continued to add to the collection until eventually there were ninety-two in all, of eighty-nine different artists.

As we have seen, the first few examples were painted by Sir George Reid. He painted a few more, including himself twice, but he could not keep pace with the portrait-hungry granite merchant. Many of the artists were asked to paint themselves; sixty-four of them did so. Engravers, architects and landscape painters were painted by recognised portrait painters though, occasionally, a landscape painter turned from painting the face of nature to his own features with somewhat amusing results, as when Brett set his face in the midst of a furze-bush beard.

We are hardly likely to agree with the contemporary who described the subjects of the portraits as "all the greatest in the world of art", even though we may assume that he meant British Art. They represent a cross section of the academic art of the period, in England and Scotland. Sixty-seven of the artists were members or associates of the Royal Academy in London, four of them becoming its President. Eleven were members of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Presidential office being filled by two of them. The remainder were foreign artists or better known as illustrators.

The names of the artists reveal Macdonald's taste even more than does the remainder of his pictures. They are the artists whose works he would like to have bought had money and wall-space been less limited. Each of them is

an oval, 16 inches by 12, the size and shape being determined by the frame which chanced to be in Reid's studio when the first portrait was painted; they could be housed within a small room, a gallery of taste in miniature.

The artists represented are those who were likely to be patronised by a Scot in comfortable but not over-wealthy circumstances, who had had no opportunity of coming to an understanding of the developments which were taking place in the art of painting in France. He did appreciate the work of the Dutch romantics and possessed the first example of the work of Josef Israels to be shewn at the Royal Scottish Academy. No doubt the Barbizon School might have appealed but by then the prices had risen. His desire to buy only from the artists limited his field of choice. He bought what he liked and from those he liked. Without the intervention of a dealer, he deprived himself of the astute advice which might have been given him by those whose profession keeps their ears close to the ground.

Macdonald's taste was essentially similar to that of the large class of merchants and industrialists who were collecting during the later part of the century when contemporary artists of the establishment 'never had it so good'. The Royal Academy was an 'affluent society'. So high were the prices commanded by leading artists of the time that when the collections made of their works appeared in the sale-room thirty years afterwards their values had depreciated considerably. Collections such as the Coope, Quilter and Holbrook Gaskell shewed considerable losses on their contemporary works; they were saved by the re-insurance effected by the purchase of Turner's, Constable's and XVIIIth century portraits.

Buying only from the living, Macdonald had not re-insured, but his collection was never subjected to the verdict of the sale-room; it was bequeathed to the Aberdeen Art Gallery.

It is a Scottish collection; the number of Scottish artists need not surprise. They were the artists he knew best; his friend, Reid, became their President. Besides there were many good Scottish artists to choose from. Macdonald's contemporaries included the gifted students of Scott Lauder, then at the pinnacle of their success, when the 'London Scottish', Pettie and Orchardson, were at the height of their fame and popularity. The recently deceased George Paul Chalmers was a Scottish Israels, Hugh Cameron a popular painter of domestic subjects, and MacTaggart was already producing his own independent version of Impressionism.

Macdonald was a sentimental Scot. The granite merchant may have had a hard edge; he had a soft centre. Sentimental genre is the category of subject matter best represented. His generation was Janus-faced; forward looking in trade and industry but in art, taking a backward glance. Artists responded to its nostalgias—for the monastic life and tournaments of the Middle Ages, for the military episodes of the Crusades, for the themes brought to their notice by Scott and Shakespeare or classical subjects suggested by the findings of archaeology. From the walls of the period look down stern Puritans and coy maidens, jolly friars and vestal virgins.

That one of the artists whose portraits he possessed became a baron, another a baronet and sixteen had the honour of knighthood conferred upon them is proof that Macdonald's was the prevailing taste of the period. We can hardly blame him for not being in advance of his time. His death in 1884, at the early age of forty-eight, came too early for him to be influenced by new movements. John Singer Sargent, whose portrait at the early age of thirty was painted for Mrs. Macdonald, and an early portrait of Stanhope Forbes, suggest that he might have felt the rejuvenating influence of the New English Art Club and that of the Glasgow School,



Fig. II. *The Royal Academy Banquet of 1881.*

The annual banquet at the Royal Academy, at which Alexander Macdonald was a frequent and welcome guest, found the Academicians in an indulgent mood, ready to satisfy the granite merchant's desire for their portraits. The President Sir Frederick (later Lord) Leighton stands in the centre of the back row. On his right is his successor Millais and on his left, Alma-Tadema. Millais' other neighbour is Poynter whilst Pettie is next to Alma-Tadema. Standing at the extreme right is the venerable figure of the veteran Thomas Webster. Watts walks behind the table towards the President. Herkomer is

creeping into prominence in the bottom corner. Other notable figures who can be recognised are the dapper Frank Holl, with hand upon crossed knees, seated between Riviere and Marcus Stone. Perched up like one of his own parrots is Stacy Marks, face to face with the cigar smoking H. W. B. Davis. Val Prinsep seems to take a bow. Here is practically the full strength of the ordinary members and associates of the Academy, a drawing which, like Alexander Macdonald's collection of self portraits of which it is an epitome, reflects the academic art of the period. By Linley Sambourne.

which only became effective after his death. His strongly academic bias might have kept him apart from the still youthful Wilson Steer and Sickert, now regarded as the most considerable British artists to emerge before the end of the century.

That great independent of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions, Whistler, is not there. He who said that when he left the R.B.A. the artists had gone leaving only the British, would have not felt at home in so insular and academic a company. The "Butterfly" would have bruised its wings against the hard Northern granite.

The appeal to Macdonald of the anecdotal may be responsible for the inclusion in the collection of five artists who are better known as illustrators, working for 'Punch' or the book publishers. There are three engravers, two of them for obvious reasons. T. O. Barlow was the personal friend, and the engraver of the pictures, of Macdonald's fellow citizen, Spanish Phillip, who had died too soon to become his friend or to enjoy his patronage. Paul Rajon was a French etcher, famous above all for his reproductive work. He made his reputation with his etching after Gerome's *Rembrandt dans son atelier*. Some of his finest plates were from pictures in this country and he was responsible for reproducing for publication the pen drawings of George Reid, Macdonald's friend.

The presence of architects should not be surprising. After all, Macdonald was a granite merchant and some architects build in granite. This is certainly the reason for the inclusion of Charles Garnier, the famous French architect. He designed the Paris Opera ; into its building went granite from Macdonald's yard. J. L. Pearson is there also ; his masterpiece, Truro Cathedral, was at that time raising its granite walls.

Macdonald could hardly collect buildings ; he might have acquired sculpture but apparently he shared the prevailing British indifference to the arts of form—his own bust is the only piece in his collection—yet there are six portraits of sculptors.

We should not, perhaps, look too closely for reasons for the inclusion of a particular artist. Like a small boy collecting engine numbers, the acquisitive passion urged him on. Architect and sculptor members of the Royal Academy would attend its banquets ; under the warm effulgence of the food and wine they would readily agree to sit for their portraits, particularly as, like Topsy's baby, they were only little ones.

The foreign artists are the 'sports' in the collection ; what is their significance ? Is it akin to that of their counterparts in biology ? None of them is seriously to be compared with the French artists of the period whose influence is now recognised as having been so seminal upon the development of modern painting. Macdonald's portraits reveal no acquired

APOLLO



Fig. III. William P. Frith. Self Portrait.



Fig. IV. John S. Sargent. Self Portrait.

characteristics of judgment, they point the way to no evolution of taste.

Mention has been made of Garnier and Rajon ; the reasons for their presence are clear. Josef Israels visited Aberdeen ; he was the friend of Macdonald's artist friends there. Paradoxically, the remaining foreign artists underline the insularity of Macdonald's taste. They are the type of artists to whose

studios went most of the British artists when they went to Paris. Boulangier is there ; above all, so is Gerome, in whose studio Sargent had worked. This French Alma-Tadema, an archaeologist in paint, had, a year before he painted his portrait for this collection, the pleasure of knowing that eleven hundred and fifty pounds had been required to buy two of his pictures in London and that half a thousand was



Fig. V. Sir John Tenniel. Self Portrait.



Fig. VI. Sir John Everett Millais. Portrait of George Dumaurier.



Fig. VII. Linley Sambourne's Tableau vivant of the Royal Academicians of 1884.

The crown of Royal patronage inlaid with the gems—the ‘pictures of the year’. The pinnacle of achievement was Orchardson’s *Marriage de Convenience*, now in the Glasgow Art Gallery; its sequel was bought some years later for Alexander Macdonald’s collection at Aberdeen. Other pictures which can be recognised are Waterhouse’s *Consulting the Oracle*, Riviere’s *Eve of St. Bartholomew; Night*, by Philip Calderon, *MacLeod’s Maidens* by John Brett who, after his masterpiece of pre-Raphaelitism, *The Stonebreaker* turned to seascapes, *After Culloden* by Seymour Lucas and *Field Handmaiden* by G. H. Boughton, are characteristic works by these artists.

Appropriately enough to the ‘Wardour Street’ period in British art, Linley Sambourne has made his drawing a costume piece, dressing the artists in character. A solid phalanx in highland costume on the right, Orchardson, Peter Graham, Pettie and Faed, with MacWhirter not far away, symbolises the force of the London Scottish in the Academy of those days—how the Scots hung together. For the rest the artists represent through their costumes the kind of picture with which their names were associated or some particularly famous example of their art enabling us to recall the particular contemporary nostalgia to which they appealed. Everyone will recognise in

Lone Jack the Yeoman of the Guard of Millais. Leighton reclines on the Royal Crown, his fellow classicists in genre, Alma-Tadema and Poynter wear togas and laurel wreaths. The fisherman in sou'-wester is J. C. Hook who often painted the toilers of the sea. The cowled friar is Yeames; the sheikh, Frederick Goodall who painted Cairo subjects and pilgrims on their way to Mecca. The animalier, Riviere, painted a famous Roman holiday; the label *Lion Tamer* naturally attached itself to him. Frith gave such detailed glimpses of Victorian life, in railway station, on the race-course or at the sea-side that he is the obvious guardian of the Peep Show. The Mad Hatter is a caricature of Tenniell, famous for his illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland*. Behind him, in sailor suit but with a more than nautical beard is Hodgson, an orientalist who often painted British tars disporting themselves in an Eastern port. And so we could go on, painters of pirates and puritans, maidens errant and knights also. But no fancy dress for the serious skull-capped, robed G. F. Watts, who turns away from the jester in cap and bells, Stacy Marks, from whom the public expected, and usually got, each year some funny business with old gentlemen and parrots. But why is Frank Holl, painter of portraits and social realist in a jockey’s cap?

needed for a watercolour. Van Haanen was an Austrian genre painter whose pictures likewise appealed to British anecdotalism. Jules Breton painted peasant pictures after, a long way after, those of Millet. To him some of the credit for the introduction of *plein-air* has been given; when Macdonald died, painting by the tone values was becoming the vogue. It was greatly to influence the painting of the Glasgow School and the New English Art Club; Breton would be known to these painters.

The names of the majority of the artists whose portraits are to be found in this collection mean nothing to the present generation. Their works languish in the cellars. Their

‘Chantrey chapels’ are the basements of the galleries; there no orisons are sung. When executives bring their works into the sale room the results are derisory. This gallery of artists’ portraits reminds us that these are the men who once were thought important. Some of them should still be so considered; are there even now astute collectors who are taking advantage of the present low prices being realised for their works to salt them down for the future. And if the reflection prompted by Mr. Macdonald’s collection of artists’ portraits is “how fleeting is fame”, we might ask ourselves what art lovers eighty years hence will think of a collection of self-portraits of ‘action painters’!

By JEROME MELLQUIST

I—THE DELIGHT OF THE EYE

IT might be said that art collectors respond either through their ears or their eyes. Certain *amateurs*, at any rate, might be maintaining a communications network. They read the latest critics, confer with museum directors, subscribe to art magazines, and virtually set up an intelligence department before they buy. They wish, as it were, to ascertain values by outside sources. But it is not to this category that M. Gustave van Geluwe the Brussels tailor belongs. On the contrary, a look at 100 examples from his collection recently exposed at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Charleroi,* proved that he had been more direct. Here the eye had dictated.

As further evidence of its animation, the catalogue—and this sprang from the museum's enterprising director M. Robert Rousseau—pointed out that this particular exhibit comprised various works not yet numbered in the collection when it was presented in 1956 at such cities as Vervier, Dusseldorf, Otterlo, Ostend and Antwerp. The strangely moody "Esquisse pour un Salon Bourgeois" by Ensor, the "Nu au Fauteuil d'Osier" by Rik Wouters, and Permeke's cyclopean "Mangeur de Patates", had long since familiarized themselves to the public. Not so Wols, the febrile German whose water-colours suggested a live membrane still throbbing despite its creator's death; nor the early slight Ensor sketches already revealing his eye for the nacreous. The Charleroi authorities had also raided the collector's print portfolios. Though Ensor naturally had been included, perhaps more surprising was the presentation of two separate gleaners by Pissarro, a country scene and portrait by Cezanne, three Renoir nudes, and five Manets. Yet even here the ear, one might say, had not been enlisted. Since prints today are often neglected, the tailor-collector had again proved his independence by insisting upon their very inclusion.

All this admitted, the show incorporated but a fraction of the collection's contents. Several years ago the writer once asked M. van Geluwe's secretary, Mlle. Jenau, just how many works her employer had acquired. She replied that he estimated the number at 1,200, though she herself would put it nearer 1,500. This becomes understandable if we recall that actually he had started his acquisitions when subject to exile in England during the First World War. Restricting

himself to the men then accessible—Jacob Smits, Ensor and Wouters—he added typical examples by each. Returning once again to Belgium after the conflict, he then affiliated himself with the Martin-St.-Laethem Expressionists and such other personalities as Spillaert, Tytgat and Hippolyte Daeye. This he did, however, before their names had become prominent. Later, despite the drum-beating for the Surrealists, he never let himself be brigaded, his purchases here confining themselves mainly to Magritte, Delvaux and de Chirico. Demonstrating sagacity amidst his affections, though, he did take numerous Mirois, some of which are today among the glories of his collection.

Guided always by the delight of his eye, the exuberant collector also corralled such unrelated men as Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso and Andre Lhote. He combed Paris and returned with the mad Maria Blanchard, the cavoring Chagall, Gromaire, Marie Laurencin and even Dunoyer de Segonzac. So much for what might be called the classics among the moderns. Younger men have also been captured. Where find better examples of Louis van Lint, Antoine Mortier, Marc Mendelsson, or Anne Bonnet? As for the French, he unearthed Bazaine, Esteve, Lapicque and Lansky when most people hardly knew that they had emerged from the Resistance. He also appropriated wholesale consignments of the sculptors. Anyone visiting the collector's home at Boisfort finds the lawn a thicket of sculptures—Ubac, Maillol, Wotruba, Lipchitz, Laurens, Rik Wouters and the like.

Nonetheless, perhaps the best evidence of M. van Geluwe's attachment occurred after the demise of Permeke. Mourning his great friend, the collector immediately installed in the regal apartment above his tailor-shop, a dirge-like series of Permekes. Again peasants were striding the soil, sitting to their meals, or trudging forth upon the sombre fields of Flanders. Many museum officials came—so did critics. As a result, they could say that they had seen such an exhibition as no ear-minded one, so to speak, could ever have mounted. But if so, this once again manifested the supreme eye-qualification of that unique collector and benefactor to artists M. Gustave van Geluwe.

*This last November and December the work has also been shown at the Musée des Beaux-Arts d'Ixelles, another Belgian institution.

II—NIMROD'S RIVAL

SELDOM has the world seen such a phenomenon as John James Audubon.* Prevaricator, arch-enthusiast, illustrator of wild-life, promoter extraordinary, he attempted, in his "Birds of North America", a project such as only a mind of continental dimensions could imagine. And though it took him 12 years (1826-38), he accomplished it so successfully that the French painter Gérard termed this pupil of David *le roi des peintres ornithologiques*.

Audubon, one learns from the restrained and informative catalogue, was born (1785) in the tropical surroundings of Santo Domingo, where his father, a sea-captain and trader, owned a plantation. An illegitimate son by his Creole mother, Jean-Jacques was transported at four to his father's native Nantes, where, amidst ambles along the Loire, he was also conditioned by the fables of La Fontaine (characteristically, he preferred *L'Hirondelle et les Petits Oiseaux*). At 17, he was entered for several months under David in Paris. Also training him was his friendship with Dr. Charles-Marie

d'Orbigny, a professional naturalist who acquainted him with the systematic classifications already established by Buffon and other scientists of the XVIIIth century. This background should serve to discount any reports that Audubon was some Daniel Boone who had stumbled forth from the woods—a Nimrod, so to speak, who had never read the Classics.

Departing at 18 for his father's farm near Philadelphia, he again paced the rivers and scoured the forests, a passion precluding success either at farming or directing his father's lead-mine. Incessantly drawing birds meanwhile, he perfected his method—to catch them after the kill and attempt to preserve live gestures by threading them with steel wires. In 1808 he married Lucy Bakewell, an English girl, and four years later naturalized himself an American. Years of wandering and vicissitude followed. Eventually settling first in Kentucky and then near New Orleans, he financed his ex-

*Paris acclaimed his show, last November and December, at the Centre Culturel Americain in the rue du Dragon.



Baltazard Fluviaile. By John James Audubon (1785-1851). Frégate-pélican.

peditions by portrait-painting and diversified tutoring—French, drawing, dancing, fencing, and no doubt even the curtsey. While his portfolios grew, his wife relieved on money by teaching and by caring for their two sons. At last, emerging in Philadelphia and New York, he had accumulated sufficient drawings, he thought, to justify publishing. But help did not eventuate. Only by going two years later to Europe (1826) did he find it. But not in France. Rather in Edinburgh, where the engraver William Home Lizars agreed to carry through the project, truly utopian, conceived, as it was in double elephant size folio and meticulously coloured. But how to finance it? And this—a task no less perilous than the original capture of his quarry—Audubon managed by repeated trans-Atlantic trips, by buttonholing the great, and even by manufacturing stories that he was actually the lost Dauphin Louis XVIIth. Still, he might not have succeeded without the Robert Havens, father and son, London publishers who later took over when Lizars died. In fact, they never faltered until the 435th, and last, plate had been completed in 1838.

The Paris show included the first of the plates, the celebrated "Wild Turkey". It also included such startling pictures as the down-diving "Frégate-pélican", the glossy



"Purple Martin", the "Florida Cormorant" and its wilderness background. Cases spread forth the sheets from the original books, now, unfortunately, often being broken up. Compelling, too, was a copper-plate revealing the extreme craftsmanship pertinent to such an enterprise. As such, one can only wonder at the patience, training and almost medieval toil necessary to its fulfilment. Would they be available today?

Somewhat less telling, perhaps, were the plates from Audubon's "Quadrupeds of North America", which he, dying at 65, did not live to see fully completed. But he had, of course, long since attracted the eye of Baron Cuvier, who described his bird-renderings as unsurpassed. He even exchanged drawings with Redouté, who has been called the Rembrandt of the Flowers. Audubon less appositely has been named the Holbein of the Birds. Would it not be better simply to say Nimrod's Rival? Such he certainly was. And the plates might well embellish any study.

Readers of APOLLO will no doubt have already learned of the death of Dr. N. M. Penzer, the learned contributor to APOLLO columns on the subject of silver, of which he had made himself an expert.



Joseph being sold by his brethren to the Egyptians.



The Judgment of Solomon.

PERSIAN WOVEN PICTURES

By J. PENRY-JONES

THE disapproval of the representation of human figures and indeed of all living things in Moslem art stems from the book of "Traditions" compiled after the Prophet's death and not, as is often thought, from the Koran. This disapproval, however, seems to have little force among the Persians who mainly belong to the more easy going Shiah sect of Islam, for the designs of their carpets and rugs are rich with animals and human figures as well as flowers and trees. This is no modern development for the XVIth century Ardebil Mosque carpets, now famous museum pieces in London and New York, teem with animal and floral motifs.

Among the hundreds of thousands of pieces of Oriental weaving which pass through London every year, mostly for re-export, there are many designed as complete woven pictures. These may be large carpets made for presentation but the majority are in the smaller rug sizes and are intended for wall hanging rather than for floor covering.

Among the Turkoman tribesmen of North-East Persia and the adjacent areas of Belouchistan and Afghanistan designs are invariably geometrical, due in part to a more rigid Islamic tradition but also to the fact that their coarser weaves do not reproduce so well the fine details essential to an elaborate picture.

Many of the pictorial rugs are works of great beauty and fineness of detail and are woven of very close, short pile. Rugs of wool may contain 400 knots to the square inch while silks may be as close as 600 to the square inch. Among the older pieces many originate from Kirman and some from Tabriz but nowadays close weaving more often comes from Kashan.

The subjects depicted cover a wide range. Recent years have seen illustrations of Old Testament stories as one of the most popular types coming to the London market. Moses with the Tablets of the Law and Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac have appeared in different versions. One of these latter, now in a London warehouse, is a most striking and unusual piece of work in monochrome and is an obvious copy of an Italian Renaissance master, quite unlike the usual Oriental treatment of the subject. The finding of Moses in the bulrushes, Joseph and Potiphar's wife and various pictures of King Solomon in judgment appear from time to time. One very graphic and amusing rug picture shews Solomon on his throne giving the famous judgment in the disputed parentage case while two executioners hold up the child ready to cut it in two at a word from the judge. Another beautiful rug shews King Solomon

PERSIAN WOVEN PICTURES

A Persian Flight of Imagination.
Animals devouring one another.
Even the branches of the tree have jaws.



judging mankind, the animals and the demons of the lower world. One of the finest pieces seen recently is an old Kirman rug in rich gold and brown tones telling the story of the rescue of Joseph from the well and his sale to the Egyptian slave dealers.

Portraiture is popular with Persian weavers and a number of rugs shew Shahs, including the great Shah Abbas, under whose rule in the early part of the XVIIth century weaving and the arts reached their peak. Other famous characters are portrayed and our King George V was the subject of a rug carefully woven with embossed features imported a few years ago.

There is a constant succession of rugs woven on the famous men of history theme. One particularly rich example depicted over 50 world famous figures in appropriate costumes, beginning with Moses and descending through Solomon, Romulus, Confucius, Socrates, Genghis Khan, Haroun al Raschid, Christopher Columbus and Louis XIV to Napoleon. All were recognisable portraits and each was numbered, with a key to the names in Persian characters in the border. The author also remembers one which appeared a few years ago featuring Queen Victoria among the woven celebrities.

Portraiture also takes the form of the family tree design. In these rugs a tree grows up from the lower part of the field and each branch ends in the head of a member of the family with their names underneath or in panels in the border. These pieces would obviously never be made for exportation but nevertheless they do sometimes find their way to the London market.

A love of poetry is deeply engrained in the Persians and this is reflected in the frequent choice of scenes from the works of their national poets as subjects for woven pictures. King Khosru Parviz (Chosroes II) and his beautiful Queen Shirin, the royal lovers immortalised in the epic poem "Shah Nameh", by Firdausi are favourite subjects for rug designs and there are many other romantic and semi-legendary figures deriving from the well loved poems which appear on the looms. Even Omar Khayyam, who is but little honoured in his own country, finds his way into some of the designs.

Frequent use is made of quotations from the poets and from the Koran, not only to explain the picture but also to

embellish it, for the Arabic script used by the Persians has great decorative qualities.

In many of these pictorial rugs the resemblance to Persian miniature paintings is very apparent, not only in the subjects chosen and the style and costumes of the figures but also in the richness and clarity of the palette used.

Subjects also range over the fields of history and archaeology. One magnificent Tabriz presentation carpet presented a pictorial review of Persian history with panels representing the fluted columns of the great audience hall at Persepolis, a Zoroastrian temple, the tombs of Darius, Khosru and the poet Sa'adi, a famous mosque at Isfahan and the entrance gateway to Shiraz. The details of the carvings and masonry at Persepolis are often featured, the bull's head capitals and the figure of a man wrestling with a rampant lion being particularly favoured.

The ordinary life of the country also finds expression in these designs. Farming and harvest scenes, polo playing, falconry and even snowballing are subjects for the weaver but so far the oil derrick, symbol of Persia's greatest industry, has not appeared.

None of these subjects, however, is as favoured in carpet design as the hunting scene for here the imagination of the designer can range free, unhampered by technical detail. Hunting rugs and carpets depict figures on horseback with bow, arrow, sword and lance galloping in pursuit of lion, antelope, jackal, boar and hare through a profuse background of flowers and trees. The Persian's imagination and his love of gardens is revealed in the garden rugs with fountains and rippling streams bordered by vivid parterres and shaded by trees in the branches of which perch the bulbul and the crane, the pheasant and the dove.

Wilder flights of fancy are expressed in some scenes of mythology and pure fancy. One such example depicts a woman riding on a camel of quite lifelike appearance but a second look reveals that the camel is made up of a writhing mass of animals all devouring one another. The thighs are swallowing the shins and the shins are devouring the feet with fierce abandon and even the branches of the tree end in heads with gaping mouths. Another fantastic picture shews Mohammed riding his human-faced horse, Bourak, attended by the winds.

DOCUMENTARY POTTERY:

A post-Medieval Acquisition at the British Museum of a dated Dublin Punch Bowl



THE most impressive item among the recent post-medieval acquisitions is an enormous delftware punch bowl made in Dublin in 1753. It is a *tour de force*, 16 ins. in diameter and 8 ins. high. The decoration is also of high quality: the exterior has a powdered manganese ground with six reserved panels of landscapes and floral motifs painted in blue. On the base is written in underglaze blue: "Clay got over the Primate's coals—Dublin 1753".

This documentary piece of pottery, is the only known example of delftware from Captain Delamain's manufactory in Dublin bearing a date. In the mid-XVIIIth century the production of fine pottery in Ireland had so declined that the Dublin Society and the Irish House of Commons donated large sums of money in 1752 and 1753 to a gentleman, a Captain Henry Delamain, "formerly in the service of the Prince of Saxe-Gotha", for the financing of his new earthenware manufactory, which was started in 1752. Although seven extant pieces of delftware are inscribed "Dublin", none is dated. This punch-bowl is testimony of the remarkably high standard achieved at the very commencement of the factory's long life. The very individual style of the landscape painter of this punch-bowl is a distinguishing feature of much of the later delftware from Delamain's Dublin manufactory, but clearly he was employed from the very beginning.

The significance of the strange inscription lies in the fact that Delamain claimed to be the first to heat the pottery kilns with coal—not wood, as was customary at that time. No doubt, the coal used for firing the potter's clay at

Delamain's came from land owned by the Primate of Ireland, but the full import of the inscription has yet to be discovered.

The Trustees of the British Museum have purchased a XIVth century silver-gilt Siennese chalice with translucent enamel panels and the inscription TONDINUS E ANDREIA ME FECIT.

The chalice is of great documentary rarity. Tondinus and Andreia can be identified with certainty from several Siennese and Florentine documents and contemporary records with the two Siennese goldsmiths, Tondino di Guerrino and Andrea Righardi, whose names appear together as partners during the period 1322-1328.

Although the names of more than fifty Siennese goldsmiths of the XIVth century are recorded, less than half-a-dozen of them can be linked with surviving examples of goldsmiths work, whether in Italy or outside it. Furthermore, the earliest dated example of the technique of translucent enamelling in Europe is the Siennese Chalice made in 1290 by Guccio di Mannaia for Pope Nicholas IV (now in the Treasury of San Francesco in Assisi). On this chalice of 1290 depends the claim that this new method of enamelling was discovered in Italy—not in France, as is sometimes argued. No example of translucent enamelling survives from the first quarter of the XIVth century which can be dated on documentary evidence, and it is only with works in Italy dated 1331 and 1338 that there is again evidence of the skill of Siennese and Florentine goldsmiths in this new enamelling technique. This signed chalice is, therefore, a very early and important link in the history of European enamelling and goldsmith design.



THE HAND OF LABOUR

WHAT moves an artist to exercise his art upon a subject such as that which Rodin has chosen for treatment in the illustration which accompanies this article? Is it that he is making a study of a detail for an incomplete or projected work or to try out an idea which has fired his imagination as expressive of a subject which has taken form in his fertile imagination? There is no doubt that, in this instance he was not fired with enthusiasm for the intrinsic beauty of the human hand, which is normally a perfect piece of creative ingenuity, expressive of human emotion and power—the instrument of prehensile performance in all the actions which the mind of man can project. For the human hand is a wonderful thing at its best, as we may appreciate in those marvellous praying hands of Dürer or the expressive gestures of Leonardo in his masterpieces, such as "The Last Supper".

By any standards this hand in bronze by Rodin is the reverse of beautiful. It lacks every one of those subtle nuances of form which are the source of its expressiveness—those outward shapes which reveal the potentiality of capable muscular action more than any other member of the frame of man.

But there is one thing we can postulate about this exercise by the great master of modern impressionism in sculpture—that it is representative of the dignity of labour, which edifies the gospel of work—hard work—as the most satisfying

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT

activity in which man can indulge.

In a general way it has the suggestion of a gigantic note of interrogation, asking us a question which we may perhaps interpret as where does the ordinary working man stand in the scheme of things? And Rodin answers in no uncertain way in the true spirit of Genesis: "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the Tree, cursed is the earth in thy work. With labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." And perhaps the artist also gives us a significant message of the inevitability of labour, the satisfaction which man gets from the strenuous employment of his physical strength and his power to create by the exercise of his power. We know, of course, that God alone can create and the use here of the word indicates simply the act of consciously directing the God-given gift of intelligence to superintend those powers within him which enable him to fashion out of nature's materials the concepts of his (or other's) invention. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that, in drawing attention to this in 'significant form', Rodin is tempting us to recreate our minds by entering into the spirit of a truth which lies at the root of all we learn from the Genesis story. A modern nation has taken for its symbol the hammer and sickle. Rodin, in the early XIXth century, is preaching a similar doctrine, devoid of political incrustations, which is the basis of Christian Socialism and the Brotherhood of Man.



Fig. I. Ganesh, Hindu god of wealth and worldly wisdom, half-elephant—half-man. A garland of flowers hangs from his neck. His throne and crown are decorated with lotus petals.



Fig. II. Ganesh holding the *phurbu*, "dirk" or *ankusa*, "elephant goad or hook" and posing the mystic *mudrā*. A cobra's head supports his curled trunk.

GANESH : An Introduction

WHAT leads us to the fascination of antiques and collecting? A family heirloom handed down through generations? A casual purchase in an antique shop whilst on holiday? A painting? A statuette? A natural taste for the exquisite or the unusual?

In my case an incident in India—years ago. But first let me identify the ivory carving illustrated. It represents Ganesh, Ganesa, or Ganesha, sometimes Ganapati, one of the most distinctive Hindu gods.

Now let me tell you how I came to purchase the carving.

I would not hazard any speculation as to its age—the bleaching on the front of the figure, contrasting with the yellow stain on the back indicates a great many years of facing the sun.

There are 15 years between my first acquaintance with Ganesh, the name I know the god by, and my purchase of his image.

In 1945 I had a post at an ordnance depot near Poona and on one occasion was sat beside a Hindu driver in a 3-ton Chevrolet, canvas covered truck, just as large and flapping as the covered wagons of the great rolling West.

I had asked to see something of the old city of Poona and was being driven through its narrow streets and bazaars. The reader will have heard of India's teeming millions. It seemed that evening that they were all converging on those narrow Poona streets.

I was soon wishing I had not asked to be driven there. The throng was on our left. Then on our right. Seemingly on the mudguards. Then ahead, suddenly, stepping almost on to the radiator, or under the front wheels. With the Hindu literally swinging on the electric horn in the centre of the

to Collecting

By GERARD F. SIMPSON

steering wheel, the journey was fast becoming a nightmare.

Imagine my horror, when, as we drew level with a shrine to the god Ganesh, the Hindu driver lifted his hands from the steering wheel to make his palm-touching, head-bowing obeisance to the deity.

With vivid, lurid paint, and the gold-painted, patterned wrought-iron screen of his shrine glistening in the evening sunlight, a ghastly, hideous looking Ganesh. Although when you come to know him he is a benevolent, lovable god.

I made a note of this incident, intending sometime to write a short story around it and promptly forgot all about it, until a few weeks ago, when, writing a story about some nomad Hindu acrobats, their god Ganesh became a part.

I needed to check on the appearance and features of Ganesh. What better thing to do than to buy his image?

Is it merely coincidence that on my first visit to an antique shop I should find a carving of this unusual, and at first glance, grotesque god? This was on a $6 \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. piece of marble. It was inferior work with no detail, merely the outline of a trunk and the suggestion of a man's body. I dismissed it from my mind.

What I could not dismiss was the desire to possess an ivory carving of Ganesh.

Was there some influence at work in my mind? I hesitate to ask the reader to believe that I was under some occult spell. But, as the weeks passed I felt myself impelled to visit the antique shop, again and again.

Then, after some weeks, on my Saturday call to gaze in the window of the shop, I saw my carving of Ganesh, a rather dirty and dusty Ganesh, on a table—exactly as I had pictured it.

GANESH



Fig. III. Ganesh holding the *kastrika*, "chopper or axe", the *utpalā*, "blue lotus" or *sankha*, "conch-shell", and in the curled tip of his trunk the piece of his broken tusk. His messenger, a rat, clings by its teeth to the hem of his garment.

The dealer asked more than I was prepared to pay, at that time. But, with my weekly calls to gaze at the carving through the shop window, my anxiety lest it should be sold intensified, until I could resist no longer.

My Ganesh is 3½ in. high and 1⅓ in. diameter at the base, and is carved from a solid piece of ivory.

The illustrations give some idea of the carving, but holding the piece one can but wonder at the detail and speculate at the patient craftsmanship that has been put into this ivory figure. Even the scales of the cobra which encircles the body and supports the trunk, are depicted. The eyes, the mouth, and the garland of flowers about the neck are astonishingly realistic.

It will be seen that Ganesh is a somewhat corpulent dwarf with an elephant head and four arms. He is sometimes represented with two, six, or eight arms. He wears bracelets and anklets.

My Ganesh holds in his upper right hand the *phurbu*, "dirk" or *ankusa*, "elephant goad or hook". His lower right hand is posed in the mystic *mudrā*. In his left hands he holds the *kastrika*, "chopper or axe" and what maybe the *utpalā*, "blue lotus" or the *sankha*, "conch-shell".

Sometimes Ganesh is depicted as holding also the *mala*, "rosary", and the *kapāla*, "skull-cap", holding cakes, from which he feeds himself.

His throne is decorated with lotus petals, as also is his crown. His attendant and messenger, the rat, the symbol of prudence and foresight, can be seen on the left side of the throne of my Ganesh (illustrated) as it hangs by its teeth to the finely decorated hem of his garment.

The rat has a cloth over its back which is shown on the figure by the minutest carving in perfect line and pattern.

Ganesh is the Hindu god of wealth and worldly wisdom, combining human intelligence with the sagacity of the elephant. His image can be seen in all Hindu temples, on



Fig. IV. Ganesh's shoulders are covered by a finely decorated garment and below this, lying diagonally across his back, is a cobra which encircles his body.

the streets and highroads, in bazaars and cafes, in the forests and on the plains.

He is invoked at the beginning of all enterprises. All sacrifices, ceremonies, festivals, public and private, are begun with supplication to him. The erection of buildings are never started without first asking his aid.

Ganesh is the patron saint of the writer and all Hindu books are prefaced with a salutation to him, as also are Hindu tradesmen's ledgers.

Legend has it that Ganesh was the son of Siva, the Destroyer, and Parvati. Parvati proud of her offspring invited all the gods to see him. Came Sani, ill-omened, evil, and destructive. He scarcely glanced at the child but his baneful eyes burnt off its head.

But Vishnu, the Preserver, seeing this, immediately mounted his vahan, his heavenly vehicle, Garuda (half-eagle, half-man) and searched for another head. Seeing an elephant asleep he cut off its head and clapped it upon the neck of the godling Ganesh.

Ganesh suffered another misfortune. In an encounter, protecting his father, Siva, against an attacking marauder, he broke one of his tusks. In the curled tip of his trunk, my Ganesh, pathetically, holds the piece of his broken tusk against his shortened member.

Purchasing Ganesh gave me an introduction to the fascination of collecting and some pleasant occupation at the public library learning his history.

On the day I bought my carving of Ganesh I held in my hands a green porcelain plate which the dealer told me was made in the Sung period (A.D. 960-1259), before the Ming dynasty. When he told me the price I frantically handed it back to him—I did not have that much money if I dropped it.

But there are other items which I can afford. Perhaps, soon, Lakshmi, the Hindu goddess of beauty.

MODERN ART IN LONDON

By JASIA REICHARDT

ZADKINE AT MOLTON GALLERY

ZADKINE'S first year at a sculpture student was spent in London at the Polytechnic. He studied for six more months at the Beaux Arts in Paris and, deciding that by that time he had enough of official education, he then proceeded to make his own experiments. Since then Zadkine followed a completely individual path, although he has not disregarded the activity around him and certainly what he had adopted from, or discovered through, cubism had not fallen into the background. On the whole the style adopted by Zadkine, like that of Lipchitz finds expression in the heroic and the monumental, two qualities which are implicit in the baroque exuberance and grandeur that the artist has often made use of. Zadkine is certainly one of the most imaginative sculptors and his exploration of the possibilities of permutating and orchestrating the human figure have been the basis of much of his work. In exploring the human form he has analysed the interplay of solids and voids, he has made the body a labyrinth—agonised or impassive, never lacking in the heightened and overpowering expression. These qualities make the name of Zadkine ideally stand as that of the maker of public monuments. Whether he is concerned with a smooth barrel-like torso carved out of wood, or the very complex and involved groups of figures, his interest in conveying a significant gesture or a symbolic association is quite clear. For his subjects, Zadkine turns to everyday life as well as myths and fables, and this exhibition includes 'Van Gogh drawing', 'Three beauties', 'Cellist' and the 'Prodigal son' as well as a set of black and white lithographs 'Herakles', all examples of his more recent work.



Vincent van Gogh drawing, Bronze, 1956.
On view at Molton Gallery.

THE PAINTING BY LACASSE ON THE COVER

The Festive Season is one of two paintings which Lacasse executed in two or three weeks, at the end of November and the beginning of December, 1960. The two paintings were inspired by the effect of Christmas decorations in Oxford Street and Regent Street. To Lacasse the overcrowded streets full of determined and battling pedestrians with overpowering illuminations above, became a symbol of the festive season. To him the seething Christmas cauldron of West End was not horrifying—he found in it the beauty and excitement of a detached onlooker.

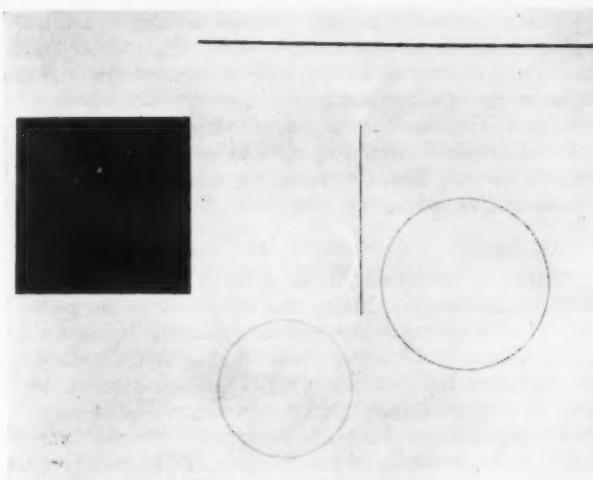
PIERRE JACQUEMON AT THE TEMPLE GALLERY

The fact that Pierre Jacquemon became a painter was in a sense just as unexpected (he started to begin with to study medicine), as the fact that he left Paris and came to live and work in London. Although London is an important art centre, its atmosphere is not always conducive to painting, or even exchange of ideas, yet Pierre Jacquemon has found here an ideal city. There are two small pictures on view which were painted by Jacquemon five years ago, and which show from what raw material he had created the latest work. Within these two paintings the image is tightly packed in the centre of the picture—the rest of the painting constitutes nothing other than a background. Since then the simple image has expanded so as to occupy the entire canvas—it seems as if the old human-scale image was put under a microscope to reveal a complex organic structure of random dimensions, i.e. as a detail. An interesting point is that Jacquemon had already been putting high varnish on his paintings five years ago. Like Cuixart, whom he admires, he has made use of metallic hues, although he does not use them exclusively, and often transforms them to such an extent that one is not aware of his medium. Within the delicate transparent surface, the pattern of colours emerges as a tracery of lines or a complex woven texture, or, occasionally, a gesture where an orange splash asserts its fervent presence within a subdued shimmering background. On the whole, Jacquemon uses colour in such a way that one is aware of the atmosphere of the painting, rather than any particular hue, with the exception of two paintings where a brilliant red and a bright blue circle are superimposed on a silver and black ground, and 'Hiroshima', one of his best paintings, which has been done in red, black and gray on a stencilled piece of sacking which



Hiroshima by Pierre Jacquemon. Oil on sack on canvas,
30 x 45 in., 1960. On view at Temple Gallery.

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Black square, circles and lines by Lin Show Yu. Oil on canvas, 40 x 50 in., 1960. On view at Gimpel Fils.

is mounted on canvas. This exhibition convinces one that Jacquemon is a sensitive painter of considerable talent, whose tenderness is apparent in the best, as well as the less successful of his works.

LIN SHOW YU AND AUSTIN COOPER AT GIMPEL FILS

The transformation of Lin Show Yu's paintings from a graded field of one or several colours, shown here last year, to the present more formal works is only a stylistic one, for the emotional content remains unchanged. The contrast between a canvas occupied by fading and emerging colours and a composition consisting of geometrical forms is deceptive. In both the artist is concerned in particular with spatial relationships and aims at a very simple and direct impact. Among the most clearly resolved works on view are those in which two squares are placed within a background of colour. Sometimes the difference in colour between the squares and the background is so slight that when one becomes aware of the forms they appear simultaneously as an illusion and a surprise. Although some compositions combine diagonal lines, circles, discs, triangles and squares, those which consist of forms based on the horizontal and the vertical seem to achieve the greatest degree of coherence. Lin Show Yu often juxtaposes the dynamic elements (outlined circles and diagonal lines), with static elements (squares) which represent mass, seeking a balance of movement and stillness. The artist has explored these simple and carefully constructed themes within a variety of techniques, i.e. metal reliefs, geometrical forms cut out of a metal sheet and superimposed on a painted surface, as well as shapes engraved on metal. The architectural and monumental quality which is characteristic of many of these works is the result of an extremely well balanced structure, combining firmness, exactitude and sensitivity. Sometimes the artist works out his compositions by drawing geometrical forms on pieces of paper, reversing them, twisting them around and discarding, until the desired effect is reached and transferred on to the canvas. In the compositions where the surface is divided by diagonal lines, from time to time Lin Show Yu organises his space by placing them at preselected angles, whereas in the majority of works the whole effect relies from the outset on purely visual and intuitive means.

In 1945 Austin Cooper gave up the career of a successful poster designer and started to paint. This retrospective exhibition includes some of his very early works which show his

preoccupation not with medium as such, for that was often disguised and distorted, but with its transformation wh'ch Cooper brought about in his series of images which incorporated papier-collé and paint. The early works indicate that the process of pictorial articulation was immediate in Cooper's case. It is possibly due to the fact that the artist had plenty to say, that the works are neither tentative nor inexplicit. Whereas the early ones were more tightly knit together, those done recently have changed in two respects—the surface has not only become more complex but has been covered with freely painted lines, calligraphic images primarily tachist in character. Cooper has called his works of the last four years, in chronological order, Congeries, Trajects and Conjects. These names (whether or not they are in the dictionary is unimportant), reveal Cooper as a maker of a private world. Within the small scale of his paintings he can express the thousands of nameless feelings, fears and passions that inhibit it. Somehow every one of his works is a testimonial and a confession. Since he launched into this creative activity, Cooper has been, in a way, at the mercy of his work—the paintings and the images he created simply took over.

HENRI HAYDEN AT WADDINGTON GALLERIES

To belong to a movement can often imply that one's subsequent achievements, and possibly fame, will be considered in the light of the movement's collective success. This happened to Henri Hayden. His paintings done between 1915 and 1921 are still the ones which command the greatest interest and admiration, in spite of the fact that his later work, and that of the past fifteen years in particular, constitutes a more individual and original achievement. Cubism was the only movement with which Hayden was connected, and in many respects, in spite of his desire to break with it completely, he has carried to the present day the echoes of its well defined idiom. The scope of Hayden's recent work has not been very wide as he has for many years limited his paintings to carefully arranged still lifes and flowing landscapes. Within these limits, however, he has explored almost every nuance and possibility inherent in the various moods and permutations. It would be misleading, I think, to conclude that when he paints a jug, a lemon, or a coffee grinder, Hayden explicitly wishes to use these particular objects for what they represent. It seems that he simply makes use of the objects at hand to serve in his painting as a colour plane, a shape, a relationship, or an outline. This is borne out by



Saucière, by Henri Hayden. Oil on canvas, 23½ x 28½ in., 1958. On view at Waddington Galleries.

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the fact that when Hayden wishes to balance a composition, or add to it, he will often fill the gap with an abstract form, which is not related to the representational aspects of the other objects. Although the painter depicts many of the objects at different angles, as far as perspective goes, the method has little, or nothing, to do with the rational aspect of analytical cubism, for Hayden arrives at these forms instinctively and emotionally. Whereas his oils and gouaches are based on a carefully arranged pattern, often decorative and always clearly defined; the watercolours are a complete contrast. In these wash and ink landscapes Hayden has set out to create a naturalistic image—neither stylised, nor concerned with the imaginative simplification of his other works.

PICASSO CERAMICS AT GROSVENOR GALLERY

In 1946, when Picasso mastered the rudiments of the craft of making ceramics, he set out to elaborate on the old technique and to invent new ones. He has certainly used some of the most unorthodox methods to obtain the desired results and one could say of the majority of plates that he treated them as a surface for painting on rather than a surface to be decorated. This medium is perhaps the one which makes the greatest demands on the artist's natural scope for spontaneity, for the colour which is quickly absorbed by the clay leaves no room for alteration. The rough treatment of incised clay and the rapid application of colour, in Picasso's case, result in a unique expressiveness. The themes which have originated in his paintings and lithographs are repeated in the ceramics: the mythological subjects, the bullfight, and the heads, as well as a variety of still lifes. The plates on view, which were made during the last two or three years, have a variety of subjects including flowers, but the exhibition is dominated by a series of eight plates on the subject of the bullfight. These are unglazed, and the image appears in relief of black and white on the natural rust of the clay. Some of the most remarkable plates are those which are white and unglazed and depict a head in relief. Although the number of plates Picasso has produced reaches thousands, his inventiveness is undiminished and the variety in his treatment of material and subject matter is quite extraordinary. The plates on view are produced in editions of fifty or a hundred.

POLISH ARTISTS AT GRABOWSKI GALLERY

It is unusual to find a mixed exhibition without a particular theme which looks as coherent and effective as this one. With the exception of works by two or three artists, the paintings are abstract, and it occurs to one that without forming any type of self-styled school the paintings by the members of the Polish Artists' Association are in no way incongruous as a group. Two women dominate this show—Nalecz and Baranowska. The quality they share is an ebullient, frank romanticism, which makes an immediate impact. They are both excellent colourists, and colour as the foremost consideration in these paintings makes an emotional appeal to the senses rather than the intellect. The intense and opulent red form on dark blue background, entitled 'Expanding Red', by Halima Nalecz is certainly one of her most revealing and mature works to date. Werner is an interesting painter. Having worked at graphics he turned to painting in oils quite recently, and his muted abstracts show him to be a sensitive artist exploring colour and forms within a narrow range, yet endowing his material with unexpected nobility. Within the paintings of Mleczko lurks an image, or a suggestion of one, sometimes making a reference to some aspect of science fiction, or some imaginary theme. The paintings by Dzwig are like abstractions of impressionist landscapes,

they retain certain references to nature, whether in the individual forms or the agglomeration of colours, without losing the overall abstract structure. Turkiewicz impresses with his coherent and deliberate compositions—products of thought and method rather than momentary enthusiasm. Other exhibitors include Dobrowolski, Sukienicka, Frenkiel, Muszynski, Warkiewicz, Was, Piwowar, Demel, Sawicka, Starzynski, Chojko, and Beutlich.

CONTRASTS AT MCROBERTS AND TUNNARD GALLERY

Within the contrasting works gathered for this exhibition, it is possible to gain insight into the policy of the gallery, which has been formulated tentatively during the first year of its existence. Apart from the fact that the gallery is orientated towards Italy rather than France, it combines both the comparatively early works of modern masters as well as the paintings of young unknown artists. Among some of the fine works included in the exhibition is Soutine's portrait of the painter Richard, 1918—a pointed, strangely intense head on an improvised background. This work was painted during the last year that Soutine used a dark tone palette, for in 1919 his colours acquired brightness and luminosity during his stay at Céret, never to revert to the quieter intensity of the earlier paintings. There is an interesting interior by Mintchine, which incorporates most of the props seen in many of his still lifes: the Russian carpet covering a round table, the bird, the doll, a pile of books and a vase of flowers. Rodin's bust of Bernard Shaw, 1903, is contrasted by Arp's 'Kaspar', a helmet like shape cast in brass of 1930. With Delacroix, Survage, Loiseau, Mancini and Kisling, can be seen Vieira da Silva, Dufy, Léger, and Singier, whose oil painting of 1946 is probably one of the best examples of the artist's work of that period. Lawrence Eveleigh has not shown before and the few abstract paintings included in the exhibition are a foretaste of his one-man show, which will take place here in the near future. The deep and serene colours of his circular motifs are often stressed by the carefully built up texture of paper and cloth, showing him to be a sensitive and painstaking artist, who, as far as technique is concerned, leaves nothing to chance.

HANS TISDALE AT HANOVER GALLERY

The images which grow out of the abstract forms in Hans Tisdall's recent paintings are rooted in the pattern of harbours, boats at sea, and the shore. There may be forms in the finished painting which are those of sails or rigging, or an outline of a vessel, but as much as the painter is aware of the associations of the finished work, he starts out with a group of forms, which from the outset indicate the weight and direction of the whole composition, unrelated to any figurative image. Then, "the painting either solves itself or doesn't at all" says the artist. Unlike performing a task within a well defined framework—painting is a battle, with oneself, with the empty rectangle of the canvas, and the forms which come to occupy it. The battle must be either won or lost, for in this case no truce is possible. If one remarks upon the consistency of certain relationships of elements in these paintings, such as the combination of crescents and circles, this is not due to any programmatic attitude on the part of the painter. For Tisdall, effects cannot always be preplanned and methods cannot consistently be controlled. The element of chance is important in his work—he considers it to be stimulating and has said that this chance element "extends the range of one's pictorial experience". Tisdall likes extremes and many of his works, for that reason, are often either very large or else extremely small. The desire to paint 'big', on his part, is a recent one, and has brought

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with it not only a certain loosening of style but also a radically different approach to the canvas. In some of the large works the painter has treated the canvas almost as a sheet of paper, on which the painted image takes the place of a drawing, leaving the surrounding areas blank. Thus the exhibition could be divided into two aspects of Tisdall's work—the large loose drawings in pigment and the paintings of greater complexity in colour and texture, where the use of impasto is fairly consistent.

SEAN MORRISEY AT PORTAL GALLERY

For a self-taught artist, who only started to paint one year ago, Sean Morrissey's progress has been considerable. The townscapes and landscapes are the result of momentary emotional impressions, moods and sensations. Morrissey suggests rather than states—his cities are ghosts, and because he always knows what he wants to express, various considerations may be sacrificed to the one idea. The loneliness of crowded houses, and the rapid life of the city crystallise in these loose, spontaneous images as the result of the day to day experience. With the landscapes the painter has faced a slightly different problem. In these he is concerned with the natural elements—earth, air, water. The figures which are depicted without much definition or detail, melt into the background as their function is to indicate the scale of the painting and the situation. Morrissey is sincere, and when he says that to exhibit means to get the type of stimulation one needs to continue to paint, one believes him. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that he has ideas, his vision is immature and his technique largely inadequate, and indeed one would need to be a rare genius to hold a good one-man show after only a year's work. At the moment it really is too early to predict Morrissey's development.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB AT R.B.A.

W.I.A.C. originated in the early 1900s, and, surprisingly enough, was born in a Parisian studio. It was baptised with the name Paris Club, which was subsequently changed to the International Society of Women Artists. An objection was made to this name by the Society of Women Artists on account of the similarity to its own, and eventually W.I.A.C. was decided upon. During fifty-five years or so of the club's activity, one question has been raised consistently by critics, gossip columnists, and even some of the members themselves

—why an exclusively female club? The only valid reason (which has something to do with the early 1900s and nothing to do with the present), is that there was a time during which women painters encountered considerable difficulties when they wanted to exhibit their work. Those days are over, yet the club is 120 members strong and the standard of work at the annual exhibition has been improving steadily. The continual improvement may be due to the fact that this is the only society which selects the members' work for the exhibitions, and the members whose work has not been accepted by the selection committee usually retire, allowing the standard to be kept up. This year, for the first time for forty years, about twenty works by French women artists are included, and the total number of works on view is around 300. There is no particular artistic policy, but future plans include group exhibitions of artists who have similar tendencies. This year the W.I.A.C. has had Gwen Barnard as its chairman, and Kathleen Guthrie as vice-chairman, and an executive committee consisting of Anthea Alley, Olive Cook, Daphne Fedarb, Susan Horsfield, Jeanette Jackson, Mary Oppenheim, Valerie Thornton, and Jolan Williams.

MIXED SCULPTURE EXHIBITION AT WOODSTOCK GALLERY

There are thirteen sculptors contributing works to this annual exhibition, of very diverse interests, styles and techniques—the only common denominator being the reasonably small size of the pieces. Among them Gudrun Kruger stands out for her directness and clarity. In her bronzes which contain within them simultaneously the suggestion of plant and animal life, one is aware that she is in complete command of the image that has emerged. Rasmussen is also concerned with vegetation. His simple plant forms in delicately textured aluminium consist of oblong stalks which grow into exotic leaves. Douglas Eaglen contributes a formalised, likeable and petulant owl. Also on view are Len Clayden's imaginative metal sculptures; John McLellan's ceramic unglazed tile reliefs, which are mounted within a wooden frame; Elia Ajolfi's fairy tale horses and dancing bulls; Milsom's boat-shaped figures; wonderfully sinister crouching wooden figures by Ronald Moody, which have retained the form of the bulky wooden cube out of which they were carved; Rosalind Stracey's rock-surface birds; and also works by Donald Brook, Joao Artur, Margaret George and Eila Hiltunen.

TERCENTENARY OF VELAZQUEZ'S DEATH

By PHILIP ROBINSON

EVERYONE has his or her favourite Spanish artist. On some art-lovers the elongated bodies and ecstatic expressions of El Greco's saints and martyrs exercise an exhilarating, almost intoxicating, effect; to others Goya's horrifying "caprichos" and satirical royal portraits appear unsurpassed masterpieces, while ecclesiastically-minded people are attracted by Zurbarán's priors and saints. But perhaps the most typically Spanish artist of all times, if the phrase 'typically Spanish' may be applied to painters, is the Sevillian, Diego de Silva Velázquez, who died in Madrid on the 6th August, 1660, three hundred years ago.

The Spaniard is essentially an individualist. That which determines a man, that which makes him one man, one and not another, the man he is and not the man he is not, is a principle of unity and a principle of continuity, so argues the philosopher Miguel de Unamuno, a twentieth century Don Quijote, in "The Tragic Sense of Life". He asserts

that "a furious hunger of being" possessed him, "an appetite for Divinity", a terror that the lamp might one day be extinguished. A human soul, he has written, is worth all the universe. Indeed the whole pivot of the Spaniard's existence is his 'yo', his 'ego', his strong uncompromising personality. "The genius of Spain is homocentric" Prof. Madariaga has written, and it is worth noting that one of the Spaniard's favourite exclamations is 'Hombre!' ('man!') is the literal translation but somehow fails to convey the deep significance of the expression).

In this respect Velázquez is very strongly Spanish. Individual man is certainly the 'leitmotif' of his robust pictorial art. The majority of his portraits show us a man, woman or child, handsome, proud, dominating or weak, in all cases essentially individual.

On the walls of the Prado Museum we can see over and over again the Hapsburg features of King Philip IV, whose

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court painter Velázquez was appointed early in life, in 1624. The King's cold glassy blue eyes, thick carmine lips, pale high cheek bones have all become familiar to us through the painter's many canvases, and the king himself, self-conscious, sensual, introspective, calculating, whether as a young or middle-aged man, on foot or on horseback, has become for us almost as recognisable a figure as our next-door neighbour. We feel that we know him intimately, his strength, his weakness, his uncertainty, his vanity, his essential 'Spanishness'. Although a formal court painter, Velázquez refrains from flattery and presents us with the man as he really is, under the outer trimmings of picturesque XVIIth century costumes. His great life-size equestrian portrait of the King, which won both Philip's and the Conde-Duque de Olivares's praise, seems to summarize the whole formal etiquette of the XVIIth century Spanish court and inevitably leads us to regret the disappearance of another equestrian portrait of the King by the same artist, since the latter was the original of the statue by the Florentine Sculptor, Tacca, which rises, proud and caracolling, in the Plaza de Oriente in front of the XVIIth century Royal Palace.

Evidently Diego Velázquez did not have that proverbial hard struggle with fortune, which besets so many painters and writers in their youth. Summoned at an early age by Dr. Fonseca, the court chaplain, to the Spanish capital, Velázquez, already married to the daughter of his master, the Sevillian painter Pacheco, moved from Seville to Madrid, which remained his headquarters henceforwards, and partly through the kind offices of the Conde-Duque de Olivares, himself an Andalucian, and still more by his own talent, was appointed, as we have seen, to the position of official court painter.

Velázquez's fine portraits, scattered all over the world today, were not limited to the King himself, but included Olivares, Ministers of State, the two queens, Isabel de Borbon and Mariana de Austria, the royal princesses and princes, including the promising little Prince Carlos Baltazar. Indeed Velázquez's portrait of the latter dressed in the stiff childish finery of the Spanish court, sitting astride a fat little pony (specially reserved for the royal children), is one of his most popular and most effective paintings. In the background rise the white-flecked Sierra Guadarrama, above extends the blue-grey sky of Castile, while in the foreground smiles the tawny Casa del Campo (the King's private park) which figures in so many of this artist's portraits. Although nature is introduced into many of Velázquez's pictures, it is as a background, not as in many of Constable's or Turner's works, as the essential motif. The sandy soil, the greenish-grey olive trees, the harsh mountains form a frame for the individual 'hombre', whether royalty, court lady, sporting aristocrat, dwarf or drunkard.

This brings us to another point in Velázquez's paintings, namely his convincing realism, his interest in all types of humanity and all grades of XVIIth century society. Of this 'genre' of painting 'El Aguador' (the Water Carrier), now at Apsley House in London, and Los Borrachos (the drunkards) belong to his first period. In the latter we can study characteristic faces of typical Castilian men, enflamed with wine that Bacchus is handing them in a goblet. Later, Velázquez created those grotesque figures representing the court dwarfs (in those days formidable personalities)—queer distorted pygmies whose merriment somehow strikes a serious rather than a gay note, and whose stunted forms suggest tragedy rather than comedy. To this, his second period also belongs his famous crowded canvas often employed in Spain today on the front of telephone and other directories, namely "The Lances"—depicting the sur-

render of Breda by the Dutch to the chivalrous Spanish officer who refuses to accept the keys. The dignity of the respective military commanders, their characteristic national features and costumes are magnificently set off by a forest of lances in the background that have lent their name to the picture.

Velázquez's accepted masterpiece is, as the world knows, the crowded canvas "Las Meninas" (the Maids of Honour) which hangs today in a room by itself on the left hand side of the Prado museum entrance. A tablet on the wall asserts that the picture is "the apex of universal painting"—a statement which admirers of El Greco or Titian may possibly question. A mirror, placed in an angle of the room, enables one to obtain an oblique view of the work. Painted in 1656, the picture presents us with a sidelight of Philip IV's court, a moment of relaxation in its stiff ceremonious etiquette. In the centre foreground of the artist's studio, here represented, stands the little Infanta Margarita, fragile and fair-haired, dressed in a stiff wide-hooped farthingale, which does not however crush out the little girl's spontaneous childishness, while before her kneels a lady-in-waiting, offering her a cup of water. Velázquez himself is engaged in painting a portrait of the King and Queen, the legend being that the cross of Santiago on his breast was painted by Philip himself as a reward for the picture. Actually Velázquez did not receive this honour until two or three years later, so whether the cross was added to the painting at the time of its execution may be doubted. In the foreground lies a big mastiff (Velázquez is very fond of depicting big dogs) and at the side are two ugly dwarfs Mari Barbola and Nicolasico Pertusato, while in the background an open door lets in the light of day, against which is silhouetted the tall figure of the Queen's quartermaster. The realistic details, the peculiar lighting effects in the studio, the shadows that fall across the room, are all handled in a masterly style suggesting a technique more characteristic of the XXth than the XVIIth century. Even "Las Hilanderas" (the Spinners), which belongs to the same period, though rich in detail and glowing colour, must yield the palm for general effectiveness to "Las Meninas".

As regards Velázquez's religious works, his most celebrated is his "Christ on the Cross", painted 1638 and now hanging in El Prado, in which realism plays second fiddle to artistic and religious conventions. In comparison with El Greco's ecstatic Cristos, Goya's almost sensual figure of the crucified Christ, and modern works such as Dali's or Aguiar's crucifixion scenes, Velázquez's harmonious presentation of a resigned, beautiful figure, the hair falling partly over a bowed face, strikes a slightly artificial note. The work has beauty but seems to lack conviction. It suggests complete acceptance of omnipotent materialism, resignation and sorrow; but it fails to convey that sense of power and ultimate victory which the Crucifixion carries with it.

Apart from Spanish artists, in particular Herrera, Velázquez like the majority of XVIIth century artists, was influenced by Italy which he visited at least twice. This influence can be observed in his allegorical pictures, such as the forge of Vulcan (first period) and the striking Rokeby Venus, now in the Spanish room of the National Gallery, which again displays the artist's amazing versatility and anatomical accuracy.

If other artists have excelled this great Spanish master in subjective power and subtle nuances, none have surpassed him in the use of colour and in firmness of execution. Even our own Reynolds and Lawrence, whose virile portraits are so much esteemed by Spanish art-lovers, might themselves have learned something from the human touches of Velázquez's bold yet imaginative brush.

NEWS from London Galleries

O'HANA GALLERY devoted December to what they modestly entitled a "Christmas Exhibition". The term usually denotes charming but slightly unimportant pictures at Christmas Present prices, and certainly some of the O'Hana prices were under the fifty pounds limit. As this was something of an anthology of their usual artists most of the pictures shown were not at all in the unimportant class. One stood out both in cost and quality. This was a painting by Lorjou, *Montmartre*, and it was priced at £1,600. A lovely thing, rather an early work I believe, and more subtle than the bravado painting which now characterises him. Among their usual artists, Weiss had a long horizontal, *Boats*; Rondas *Piano and Hermes at Brussels* in his meticulously drawn Surrealist mood; Albert Reuss two landscapes, and a piece of sculpture, a *Head* in bronze; D. de Holesch a number of racecourse and circus studies; and Jo Jones some of the Spanish Gipsy paintings such as we saw earlier in her one-man show at O'Hana. A pleasing miscellany.

FROST AND REED GALLERY in Bond Street, are showing a number of works by Sir William Russell Flint, that surest of water-colourists and most romantic of artists. Are these clean seashores where graceful nudes disport and flick draperies beneath clear skies and beside blue seas, these romantic Spanish caverns inhabited by sylphlike Gitanos, too good to be true? Maybe; but in a world where so much painting depicts people and places too bad to be true one welcomes Sir William's unabashed romanticism. One also welcomes his unerring manipulation of both the water-colour and oil medium, the innate draughtsmanship, the skilful composition. By a curious paradox, in certain circles an artist is allowed to be perfectly free, except if he chooses to exercise technical prowess of this kind.

In the old master field at Frost and Reed's there is a very impressive Luca Carlevaris of the *Piazzo S. Marco*, with the little groups of figures flicked in in a delightful manner worthy of the best of the XVIIIth century Venetian masters.

BEAUX ARTS GALLERY in January are having a first one-man show of the work of Anthony Wyatt. He is a most promising addition to their selection of artists who work in a vein of Neo-Realism using a heavy impasto and bold, sweeping forms to create Heads, Nudes, and domestic interiors. John Moores of Liverpool, those patrons of up-and-coming artists, have made it possible for this young man to devote himself entirely to his art for the period of about a year, and this exhibition embodies the results.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY are arranging for early Spring an Exhibition in the Diploma Galleries of the work of Sir Edwin Landseer. The Victorian artists are gradually passing out of the trough which engulfed them during the first half of this century, and are being given objective consideration. Landseer has already emerged as a landscape painter, his firmly painted small works in this kind commanding attention for their innate fine quality. His innumerable and deeply conscientious studies of animals for the famous pictures reveal his draughtsmanship, and will form a considerable part of the R.A. show. We seem in a mood to forgive him his sentimental narrative, and almost pardon his success.

ARTHUR JEFFRESS GALLERY during December held an exhibition of the work of Hanna Weil. Her characteristic manner of depicting town scenes with the accent on the architectural build-up of the whole vista of houses and churches, was devoted to places as dissimilar as Venice, Amsterdam and Alkmaar, Segovia and other Spanish townships, and Chantilly. The delight of her linear structure and the beautiful quality of her paint have made her one of the most successful of contemporary artists. She is able to convey the spirit of place of these very varied locales yet to retain her pronounced technical personality.

The January Exhibition at Arthur Jeffress is of Stained Glass by Patrick Reyntiens and, more characteristic of this gallery, of "Pictures of Fantasy and Sentiment".

GRABOWSKI GALLERY during January are holding an exhibition under the title "Black and Red" of the work of the Association of Polish Artists in London. A large group this now is, and they are fortunate in having in the Grabowski a Gallery devoted largely to their national art. Twenty of them are showing on this occasion. Most of the work leans over towards abstraction, an idiom which seems to come easily to the Polish mentality. Others, like Magda Sawicka in such a graphic work as her *Infinite Suburbia*, depend upon an elimination of all inessentials, so that something symbolic remains. Many of these painters have had one-man shows at Grabowski Gallery or at the Drian Gallery—and their work is becoming familiar to us. Halima Nalecz, herself the proprietor of the Drian Gallery, is one of the most spirited of these artists with such a painting as *Expanding Red*, that predominant colour of the exhibition.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY is retaining the delightful exhibition wherein Chagall's signed graphic work and Picasso's Ceramics give a slightly whimsical note until the middle of January. It is to be followed with a mixed exhibition of paintings under the title, "Aspects of Reality", with which we will hope to deal in our February issue.

MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN will be opening on January 18th an impressive exhibition of the work of Berthe Morisot. It will be entirely a loan exhibition of some of the finest works by this most lyrical of the French Impressionists. More than 50 works are coming from French, Swiss and British collections, a wonderful opportunity for a comprehensive study of the artist. The exhibition is in aid of the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue and is being honoured by being opened by His Excellency the French Ambassador.

JOHN WHIBLEY GALLERY at 60 George Street is opening on January 17th an exhibition of the works of six of the best artists who have been given one-man shows at the Gallery at various times. Those chosen are Copping, Schoolheiser, Noel Perkins, Francis Kelly and Gardy Gutta. On this occasion John Whibley is combining the role of Director with that of exhibitor, for he will be showing some of his own works.



Winter Landscape by Paul Nash.
New Year Exhibition at Leicester Galleries. (See page 2)

THE LIBRARY SHELF

INDIAN MINIATURES

"*Indian Miniatures*". By W. G. ARCHER. 50 colour plates: 50 in monochrome.
15½ by 11½ in. Studio Books (Longacre Press Ltd.), £8 8s. 0d.

DESPITE the close, though hardly intimate, connection that this country has had with India over several centuries of trading and empire building, the art of the sub-continent has always tended to be unfamiliar and unfashionable. Only a small but devoted group of adherents proclaimed their enthusiasm and these hardly represented a cross-section of the community. The theosophists, orientalists, retired officials and occasional excited artist touched only a small section of society. If critics and public could be drawn by the refined fastidiousness of the Safavid miniature or the aloof perfection of a Sung pot, the apparently obscene grotesquerie of Indian sculpture was more likely to excite disgust and Indian painting was scarcely known at all except as a clumsy parody of Persian book illustration. Indeed it seemed inconceivable that the superstitious, poverty-scoured masses and their corrupt if barbarically splendid princes whose vast territory had fallen so easily to the British Crown could possibly have been the heirs to a worthwhile artistic tradition.

Today such an attitude seems absurd. The former colony is now a sovereign nation commanding respect as an influential and stabilising force in world affairs. Vigorous propaganda, designed as much to ensure unity at home as confidence and prestige abroad, lays stress on the nation's cultural achievements and seeks to interpret them to the foreigner who may be

tempted to invest his money in an expanding economy, or take it with him as a tourist. Thus we no longer despise or dismiss Indian culture on account of an assumed political superiority.

Our own position has also changed. One of the places where we see this reflected is the auction room, which with unprecedented success disgorges the accumulated treasures of our palmyr days into the voracious jaws of foreign magnates and museums. At home, also, demand is quickened by the affluence of our society together with that increasingly superficial familiarity with a wider range of artistic traditions to which attention has been drawn in the recent *Reith Lectures*. Suddenly Indian art, though still unfamiliar, is becoming fashionable. In the auction room, the Indian miniature—once overlooked as a poor relation—is fetching higher prices than its Persian cousin.

That the old anachronistic situation could not persist for ever has been made evident for some years now by the increasing output of popular as well as scholarly monographs on particular aspects of Indian painting. Before the 1939 war, larger and more expensive volumes had been produced, including such monumental pioneer works as A. K. Coomaraswamy's *Rajput Painting*, which first introduced the poetic Pahari schools to the world almost fifty years ago. These early books, however, were not designed to grace any but the more select libraries and most subsequent publications were of a more modest character. Meanwhile, with changing conditions, the demand for costly art books has been widening to a remarkable extent and now at last, in Mr. W. G. Archer's latest book, Indian miniature painting has received the lavish treatment that in commercial publishing is only accorded to an established art form.

The choice of the Keeper Emeritus of the Victoria and Albert Museum's Indian Section as the author of such a book was an obvious one. For in the last ten years Mr. Archer has been in the forefront in making Indian paintings more easily understood and appreciated through books and articles.

His experience as an administrator has more than adequately fitted him as an interpreter of India, since it brought him in touch with Indian life at its most fundamental level and it was the stimulus to his earlier writings as an anthropologist. Among these, his felicitous translations of tribal poetry with its emphasis on basic human relationships already determined an important trend in his later work towards the investigation of poetic symbolism in an art that is heavily dependent upon literature. At the same time it is inevitable that a writer dealing with a subject that is still so much in its infancy should be largely preoccupied with problems of art history. In this respect the author has also made a notable contribution towards unravelling the complicated web of local stylistic distinctions.

Indian Miniatures, published in this country by Studio Books (Longacre Press Ltd.), is essentially a large-scale picture book designed to survey the whole field of Indian painting. There are one hundred plates, of which fifty are in colour. A descriptive comment faces each plate and there is a short introduction.

Despite its limited compass of seven pages, Mr. Archer's introductory essay provides an extremely helpful analysis of the part played by painting in Indian civilization and the various forms in which the art appeared. The bulk of his text naturally occurs in the comments to the plates and it is there that the main stylistic trends are placed within an historical context. The range of styles included is fuller than that found in any one of the author's previous publications, but apart from a few new suggestions his view of the basic development of Indian painting remains unaltered. As usual he gives a very clear and illuminating account of the subject matter, which ranges from the illustration of religious texts and romantic poetry to historical themes and portraiture.

In choosing the illustrations the author was to some extent bound by a selection of colour photographs that had already been made for the publishers by a well known Indian photographer, Madanjeet Singh. This earlier selection was essentially a personal one but its inadequacy for a survey of this kind has almost completely been disguised by Mr. Archer's skilful efforts



Lady flying a kite, Jodhpur, c. 1760.



A rebel received by the Emperor's commander in the field, from an illustrated copy of the Annals of the Emperor Akbar, c. 1600.

to redress the balance. The occasional eccentricity still shows through and is not always unwelcome: for example, one can warmly appreciate the author's wisdom in retaining the remarkably accomplished portrayal of Raja Jai Singh of Guler holding court (pl. 99), which shows the traditional manner still holding its own against the camera and the art school only eighty years ago. Other pictures from the original selection such as the over-pretty Kangra miniature of a lady feeding a buck (pl. 93) can surely have been included only for reasons connected with the production schedule and it is doubtless for some similar reason that the important early Deccani schools of Bijapur and Ahmadnagar are only represented in the colour plates by Mughal copies.

Taken as a whole, however, the plates provide a magnificently broad and representative sequence of which the major proportion of pictures have either not been published before or have only appeared in less accessible places.

Among the masterpieces brought to light one cannot fail to mention two superb hunting scenes from the old princely states of Bikaner and Kotah in Rajasthan (pls. 54 and 62) in which the Indian talent for richness of detail bordering on exuberant excess is happily blended with sensitive draughtsmanship and insistent rhythms. An unusually sophisticated composition from the same region is to be found in the charming little Jodphur painting of a girl flying her kite with a delightfully abandoned gesture against a rich brown background (pl. 56), while the more serious and formal aspects of aristocratic life are represented by brilliantly shrewd and dignified portrait studies among which the late Sikh portrait of Maharaja Gulab Singh is quite outstanding (pl. 98).

In quality the colour plates vary considerably. An undue number give a slightly distorted impression of the miniatures whereas others such as the superb *Hamza nama* page (pl. 18) could hardly be bettered. In the monochrome reproductions the level is consistently high and the general quality of paper, typography and layout is altogether worthy of the publishers' aspirations.

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APOLLO

THE FORMS OF THINGS UNKNOWN. Essays towards an Aesthetic Philosophy. By HERBERT READ. Faber and Faber Ltd., 1960. 25s. net. As the title indicates, this is a series of rather loosely connected papers, originally delivered as lectures to the gatherings of philosophers and psychologists on the shores of Lago Maggiore—the Eranos stimulating writer, whether his subject is stimulating writer whether his subject is poetry, philosophy or art, and here he treats all these in a way that shows them to be aspects of the same vital problem of survival in a society apparently heading for excessive mechanisation and the resulting vulgar barbarism. As a remedy against this he offers a "reconciling image" and quotes philosophers and psychologists in support of his belief that the creative role of the artist is not sufficiently recognised, that education is concentrated too exclusively on the linguistic rather than the visual means of communication and that symbolism is the central principle of aesthetics. In this connection he traces the appearance of the primitive symbolism of bull and horse in the work of Picasso and the more obscure relation between the labyrinth (coal-mine) and womb (cavity) in the work of Henry Moore. But he also warns against possible misinterpretations of art by psychologists, as in the case of Freud's too personal approach to Michelangelo's Moses. Occasionally it is difficult to reconcile the views expressed in the different essays, as, for instance, on page 105 Sir Herbert claims that "A society in which every man would be an artist of some sort would necessarily be a

society united in concrete creative enterprises", while on page 198 he states that "the masses are necessary to a culture as soil is necessary to a flower". The main thesis of the essays is the importance of art as a unifying influence and its meaning can be summed up in the quotation from Klee, "Art does not reflect the visible world, but makes visible".

MARY CHAMOT.

EGYPTIAN ART. By BORIS DE RACHEWILTZ. Hutchinson & Co. 40s. net.

PERHAPS there is little that is new that can be revealed about Egyptian Art, but there is always a new point of view which, if only consistent enough may constitute a justification for a new tome.

Mr. de Rachewiltz in this handy little volume provides us with just this. And although he modestly calls his work "An Introduction" it is much more than that. Adequately translated from the Italian by R. H. Boothroyd it subordinates the usual chronological divisions of an historical treatise to his own ideological treatment which, if it does nothing else, gives even those well versed in the subject a refreshing resumé of a topic which is as "old as the hills". Particularly welcome are the illustrations which the author has chosen—10 in full colour and over 90 in half-tone—and these he has used to exemplify the points raised in the text.

All students of the art of Ancient Egypt will welcome this addition to the literature of the subject by an Italian savant, who has specialised in this department for many years. CYRIL G. E. BUNT.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM, the Glory and the Grief. By MARCEL BRION. Elek Books. pp. 237, ill. 132. Price 63s.

POMPEII and Herculaneum are the most living of dead towns; every facet of life has left its frank reminders there and even the most insensitive of visitors feels an intimate relationship with a life that was so suddenly and catastrophically ended. The illusion which has been brilliantly preserved by the excavators since Fiorelli is almost impossible to convey in mere words and pictures but Marcel Brion's narrative of the life and times of Pompeii and Herculaneum as given to us in this book succeeds to a remarkable degree. The vivid account of the eruption of A.D. 79, of the long history of the excavations and the public and private life of the ancient towns are wholly admirable; although this is a 'popular' book the scholar will not find much to cavil at and if some awkwardness in the translation is inevitable it does not detract greatly from our enjoyment of the text.

To illustrate so vivid an account is a most difficult task and on its success or failure the worth of this book depends. The illustration is ambitious—there are 50 colour reproductions—and the format is attractive, but it must be said that a significant relationship between text and illustration seems hardly to exist. As Fiorelli himself said, the chief interest of Pompeii is Pompeii itself and his present-day successor, Professor Maiuri, has, in his little guide to Pompeii, shown us in outline how Pompeii is best illustrated with his delightfully intimate views of, for example, the peristyle of the Casa delle

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THE LIBRARY SHELF

Nozze di Argento or the interiors of the Casa di L. Ceio Secondo, the Casa dei Vettii, and the Triclinio del Moralista. By contrast, the pictures in this book dwell with unhappy insistence on details of fresco-painting—there are about 30 such—or give somewhat theatrical views of inferior objets d'art and domestic utensils. The account of the excavations cries out for one of those dramatic illustrations of the excavation tunnels by which the town of Herculaneum was first explored and the vivid narrative of the eruption for a picture of the villain of the piece who lurks in the background of so many of Maiuri's views. The pictures, good and unusual though many of them are, never allow us to enter into the life of the town in the same way as Brion's text or to see it entire from its richest to its humblest aspects. Is it too much to ask that they should?

D. E. STRONG.

AN OUTLINE OF EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE. By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. Jubilee Edition. Penguin Books Ltd.

SIDE by side on my bookshelf are two books bearing the same title and by the same author. One is tattered and dog-eared, and lost its covers a long time ago, but in 1942 it cost only a few pence. The book by its side is also "An Outline of European Architecture" by Nikolaus Pevsner, but this is the Jubilee Edition, costing 7 guineas.

From the original little "paper back" this new volume with 748 pages, over 600 photographs and 135 plans and drawings, has grown. Most of the photographs have been specially taken, and are some of the

finest architectural photographs I have seen. Many are full page illustrations which adds to their value.

Nikolaus Pevsner's book has become a classic since its wartime first edition in 1942, and over a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Although the text has changed very little, apart from a completely new last chapter dealing with architectural developments from 1914 to the present day, it is still a book which everyone interested in architecture must have on their book shelves for constant reference.

Students of architecture have always owed the Penguin Publishing Company a debt of gratitude for the way in which they have given architecture a generous place among their publications. J. M. Richards' book "Modern Architecture", specially written for them in 1940, did great service to the cause of contemporary architecture in its formative years, and the writings of Professor Pevsner have helped to place modern architecture correctly in the pattern of architectural history.

It is quite impossible to praise this Jubilee edition too highly. The standard of typography, presentation and reproduction is far in advance of most books published in England, and the whole publication is a very worthy means of commemorating 25 years of Penguin books. The text is so well known that it needs little commendation. It is enough to say that it deals with the historical and sociological background of architecture as part of history, as well as appreciating the importance of architecture as a vital factor in the development of Western culture.

EDWARD D. MILLS.

DISCOVERING MEDIAEVAL ART.
By G. M. DURANT. G. Bell & Sons Ltd. 21s.

THIS book should prove a popular introduction to the art of the Middle Ages in Europe. It is written for the most part in the first person singular, somewhat in the language of the tourist guide.

A bibliography, full in scope, is provided; and, under subject headings.

This travel diary, which is interspersed by a number of pen drawings in the text, covers not only an extensive geographical area ranging all over Europe, but goes back in time to the Middle Ages, whose several arts Mr. Durant savours with a fond relish that will communicate itself to every one of his readers.

What this book makes manifest is that the Middle Ages possessed and was possessed by a vastly different mentality and outlook on life from ours today; and we should not fail to be made conscious of the loss in spiritual vision that is apparent all around us; and especially in architecture. The gods of the antique world and of classical ideals have had their day; and most of our modern temples are shrines erected for the worship of mammon and the various deities of materialism. Our urns and altars tell of the drear sound of our dying spirituality:

" . . . the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes
his wonted seat".¹

VICTOR RIENAECKER.

¹Milton: *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, APOLLO Magazine.

DEAR SIR.—It is with mixed feelings that I have decided to renew my subscription for a further year.

Please refer to your October 1960 issue: pages iv, v, vi, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 121, and the back of the back page for examples of what I consider the outpourings of mental derangement.

If this is art, then I, and undoubtedly untold numbers, must be suffering from a stage worse than mental D.T.s!

Yours used to be an outstandingly fine art magazine for many years, but during the past few years I consider it has greatly lowered its tone by featuring write-ups covering such mush as appears on the quoted pages.

Yours faithfully,
P.O. Box 130, Knysna,
Cape Province, Union of South Africa.

JAMES B. STEELE.

COMMENT I

"Mush, mental derangement, mental D.T.s" (whatever that may be!)—it has all been heard before, and worse too!

One cannot even get angry, because anger implies that one has been stimulated to action. This type of letter leaves me cold, apathetic, and bored; bored to tears, for what can you say to someone who declares firmly that the multiplication table is alright but the calculus is rubbish (implying that "I understand the multiplication table therefore it has some value, I am quite unfamiliar with the calculus, therefore it is a waste of time"). Mr. Steele unfortunately sets himself up as a judge of something he obviously does not understand, and what is more, does not seem even to attempt to understand. Under such circumstances a more humble attitude may be more to the point.

Mr. Steele could have said something like this: "I hate modern art, it means nothing to me and I am not prepared to make the effort to find out enough about it so that I might understand it". At least it would not mean that those who make the effort are "mentally deranged". Mr. Steele attacks pictures, the originals of which he has not seen. An art magazine must have the courage to try and put its readers in touch with what is going on and attempt, without bias, to represent the cross section of artistic activity.

Mr. Steele should remember that in 1850, men who felt similarly about their contemporary painters certainly caused landscape and genre romantic realism, now regarded as academic, to be accepted with such a struggle. There are always people who suffer from the idea of the superlative value of the past, while ignorant of the qualities of the present. Mr. Steele, has learnt something from the example of those who considered the romantic movement to be rubbish—he accepts uncritically Géricault and Delacroix. Learning nothing from the fact that Delacroix exhibited for thirty years and was still considered rather suspect, while Scheffer, Delaroche, and Couture, men of lesser artistic stature, enjoyed the admiration and the devotion of the public. It is obvious to point out that the hostility directed towards the Impressionists, the savage abuse heaped on Manet's 'Déjeuner sur l'herbe' and 'Olympia', was inflicted upon the artists by people who were equally near sighted, and who from a purely practical side, certainly did not anticipate that the objects of their fervent hate should, even some sixty years later, break all the sale records at Sotheby's.

In the XVIIth century when art was the concern of the connoisseur, the patron, and those, who by instinct or education had an affinity with the visual arts, great misunderstandings were unlikely to arise. As Michelangelo once said: "Good painting is a music and a melody, which intellect only can appreciate, and that with great difficulty". But, since art has become everybody's business an automatic demand is made on the public to use a sense of discretion and to learn without judging.

Perhaps in the view of Mr. Steele and all those who feel similarly about modern art, we are all mentally ill—including all the heads of modern art museums, all collectors of modern paintings, the directors of sale rooms and galleries, the editors of this and other magazines, as well as the numerous members of the public who go to see these 'terrible' modern paintings as well as reading about them. It is a pity Mr. Steele has taken it upon himself to condemn us all. But, perhaps it is not too late, perhaps Mr. Steele is not yet a lost man. A woman who felt similarly about modern art visited Picasso once, and on entering his studio declared that she did not understand his paintings. "Do you understand Chinese madame?" Picasso

asked her. "No" she replied. "Madame" said Picasso "you have to learn Chinese before you can understand it, and similarly with paintings, you have to learn to look at them first."

Possibly Mr. Steele will come to realise, in view of the fact that there are thousands of perfectly sane, reasonably intelligent people concerned with modern art, that there is something in it which he may be missing. That it may be worth while having another look at such acknowledged masters as Jawlensky, whom he has attacked so bitterly, and for whose paintings people are prepared to pay thousands of pounds.

For a primer on aesthetic appreciation I recommend Eric Newton's 'The Meaning of Beauty', and for a fuller enjoyment of life and this magazine—an open mind, and an outlook towards the future rather than the past.

Meanwhile we must be grateful that Mr. Steele is not in a great position of power—otherwise the number of museums of decadent art could be rather frightening.

J. REICHARDT.

COMMENT II

From a location *au dessus de la mêlée* may I suggest that some toleration is desirable on both sides. In 1921 I published my book, "The New Art", a pioneer plea in England for abstract art; forty years on in 1961, I find myself having to defend the painters who choose to carry on the representational tradition, incorporating, as representational art has always done, those qualities of colour and form which as "pure art" are the only ones for the ultra-modernist.

The value of modern art lies in its emphasis and segregation of these qualities in individual technical styles and mannerisms. It achieves decorative values and aesthetic ones when this purity, unrelated to natural visual appearances, moves the mind and spirit. All this, of course, is equally true of traditional art.

Miss Reichardt's analogy of the multiplication table and more advanced mathematics is the kind of loose thinking which bedevils this question of aesthetics. So is her assumption that because there was opposition to Romantics or Impressionists and this proved wrong all opposition to changing techniques is always wrong. When European art, around the first decade of this century, became subjective instead of objective, a difference in *kind* was established. Those who, like Mr. Steele, object to it, do so because they do not believe this is a rightful new dimension for the visual arts to explore: a logical possibility, though I personally do not agree with it.

Equally the argument about prices is irrelevant. The economics of contemporary art prices (involving the uncertainties of world currencies and the search for something from postage stamps to diamonds which might weather inflation; the American system of tax relief for art gifts; Stock Exchange gambling; possession prestige by tycoons, etc., etc.) had better be left out. So had the whole question of selling and dealing. (So, incidentally, had that hoary old chestnut about knowing Chinese which Miss Reichardt now fathers upon Picasso.) Much modern art is directed to purchase by museum authorities spending State or other public money upon it, and not their own, and giving it thereby a prestige value. That touches the other aspect of my plea for a really catholic attitude; for these authorities, usually minority intellectuals caught up in a movement of contemporary fashion, almost invariably represent only one side in this division. Thereby they persistently spend Mr. Steele's money backing Miss Reichardt's fancy; and never *vice versa*.

APOLLO essaying a catholic attitude, does, we hope, serve both sides; and in that faith we welcome Mr. Steele's subscription and interest, and Miss Reichardt's contributions.

HORACE SHIPP.

A further letter has been received after the above comments.
The Editor, APOLLO Magazine.

DEAR SIR.—I have this day given instructions to our bookseller to cancel our subscription to APOLLO, which this Museum has taken for many years. Though beautifully produced and illustrated, I have been getting more and more disturbed at the contents. In I think, 1953, Perspex expressed the opinion that abstract art was on the way out. Now there is far too great a pre-occupation with it. I feel this a most unhappy phase in the development of art.

I should like to say how much I have enjoyed very many of your articles, particularly those on ceramics, and the constant high standard of illustrations.

Yours faithfully,
Public Museum and Art Gallery, J. MANWARING BAINES,
John's Place, Hastings. Curator.

SALE ROOM PRICES

THE sale at Sotheby's of a Frans Hals, *Portrait of a Cavalier*, for the sum of £182,000 was the occasion for informed and earnest discussion among the experts, and for many columns of less-reasoned comment in the newspapers of that evening and the following morning. The hard fact was that the price is the third highest ever paid at auction for an Old Master painting, but the debated point is whether it was worth all that money or not.

As comparable works by Hals are not sold every day, or even every year, there is no real yardstick. It fetched that figure, was not bought with view to re-sale by a dealer, and therefore that is the value; no amount of discussion can make it anything else. When, if ever, the painting is sold again, then the wisdom or folly of the buyer may be revealed. It will be interesting to see whether more or less is gained or lost than on Cézanne's *Garçon au gilet rouge*, which was sold for £220,000 just over two years earlier.

Certainly the former owner of the Hals is satisfied with his proceeds of the sale. The painting had been bought very cheaply by his father, and the latter handed it over some years before he died so no Death Duty was payable. The picture shows a phenomenal capital increase over the years, and is a very strong argument in favour of investment in works of art. The only difficulty is to find a genuine Frans Hals at £100 or so for one's heirs to sell in due course at Sotheby's.

PICTURES

SOTHEBY'S. In the same sale as the Hals portrait were a number of other good paintings. The total for the afternoon was £423,410, which contributed usefully to the £3,000,000 taken by Sotheby's during the eight weeks of the "short" season. A very attractive Stubbs of Baron de Robeck riding by the Serpentine, Hyde Park, on his bay cob, signed and dated 1791, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 50 ins., £20,000; a painting that had remained in the possession of the family of the sitter since it was painted, and was offered for sale by his great-grandson—another Stubbs, of earlier date and larger size, showing Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Tranby Croft, Hull, at the Hunt, 59 by 98 ins., £4,000—a panel depicting the Temptation of St. Anthony, described in the catalogue at length as by Michelangelo after Martin Schongauer; the work is in tempura on a panel of poplar, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £13,000—a painting by Jan (Velvet) Brueghel aptly catalogued as "a rich bouquet of flowers", on a panel 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £15,000—a wooded landscape with shepherd, shepherdess and sheep by a stream, signed by Jacob van Ruydsael, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £8,500—and a scene by the Zuyder Zee with sailing vessels and fishermen, dated 1647 and signed by the same artist, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 25 ins., £4,500—a lady, standing wearing a pale blue satin dress and holding a book in her right hand, dated 1667 and signed by Gabriel Metsu, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 17 ins., £5,000—a winter landscape signed in monogram by Aert van der Neer, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 25 ins., £7,600—a landscape with sailing boats on a river, dated 1647 and signed by Salomon van Ruydsael, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £7,000. A week prior, a sale of paintings and drawings of the English school had totalled £141,652, and included: *The Chateau of the Duchesse de Berry on the Garonne*, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 ins.; an oil-painting of a subject of which there is a watercolour in the British Museum, by Richard Parkes Bonington, £6,800—a portrait of Dr. William Blake Marsh, by Thomas Gainsborough, oval 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £3,000—a snowy landscape with a shooting party, dated 1826 and signed by James Ward; possibly exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1827, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £5,800—a charming double-portrait of the artist's two sisters, Anne and Mary, by John Constable, 11 by 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £5,200—*The Old Barn*, by John Constable, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £4,000—a landscape near Dedham, Suffolk, by John Constable, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £3,200—*The fighting Téméraire towed to her last berth*, by J. M. W. Turner, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,400; the only other version of the well-known painting in the National Gallery, London—a portrait of Sir Edward Every, of Eggington, Derbyshire, by George Romney, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,800—the carriage and horses of Smith Barry, Esq., dated 1824 and signed by James Pollard, 32 by 48 ins., £4,800—North country Mails at the Peacock, Islington, a crowded scene with coaches and travellers before the inn, dated 1821 and signed by James Pollard, 43 by 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £19,000; this painting was engraved by Thomas Sutherland and published in 1823—a portrait of

Fanny Kemble, the actress, dated 1834 and signed with initials by Thoma Sully, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,500—a landscape near Clifton, dated 1828 and signed by Patrick Nasmyth, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,100—a portrait of Sir Wilfred Lawson on his grey cob, dated 1819 and signed by John Ferneley, senior, 33 by 41 ins., £2,000; a picture for which the artist received 15 guineas. Watercolours in the same sale included: *The Weald of Kent*, described by the artist as "the symbol of prospects brightening in futurity", by Samuel Palmer, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £6,000; painted while Palmer was living at Shoreham, Kent, about 1827—8—a number of good works by J. M. W. Turner realised varied prices: a view of the town of Bedford, about 1829, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £5,500; Absalom's Pillar and Kedron Brook, Jerusalem, after a drawing by C. Barry, about 1832, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 ins., £800; Bellinzona from the road to Locarno, about 1840, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 18 ins., £3,500; Llanthony Abbey, Monmouthshire, about 1834, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £5,000; Aske Hall near Richmond, Yorks, about 1818, 11 by 16 ins., £3,200—a fishing village on an estuary, signed by Thomas Girtin, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,100—blasting St. Vincent's rock, Clifton, Bristol, about 1825, by John Sell Cotman, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £4,800—the Piazza San Marco, Venice, 1826, by Richard Parkes Bonington, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 ins., £1,050—a view over Zante, inscribed and dated May, 1863, by Edward Lear, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £190—eight studies of camels, camel drivers and views, 1849-64, by Edward Lear, £150—Melawi, in the Nile Valley, 1884, by Edward Lear, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £40—Bolton Abbey, by Peter de Wint, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 33 ins., £260—children playing with a donkey and at cricket, a pair, 1834, signed by William Moore, each 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 ins., £420—on the Seine, 1841, signed by William Callow, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £150—York, signed with monogram by Myles Birket-Foster, 4 by 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £120—Dieppe from the west, signed by Thomas Shotter Boys, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £280—the Waterfall of Lodore, Westmorland, by John Robert Cozens, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £2,200—the Dressing Room, dated 1788 and signed by Thomas Rowlandson, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., £320—a windmill with a ruined abbey on the banks of a river, dated 1802 and signed by F. L. T. Francia (1772-1839), 11 by 16 ins., £170.

CHRISTIE'S. A group of paintings by John Constable included: an open landscape with clouds, 7 by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 2,400 gns.; an extensive landscape with shepherds and sheep, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 ins., 1,500 gns.; Hampstead, a stormy sky, 17 by 23 ins., 2,000 gns.; a view of a copse, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 2,000 gns.; a coast scene and a sunset cloud study, two small panels, 480 gns.—Whisker, a bay horse standing in a stableyard, dated 1826 and signed by J. F. Herring, senior, 39 by 49 ins., 800 gns.—*Flying Dutchman* with Charles Marlow up, signed by J. F. Herring, senior, 41 by 72 ins., 1,650 gns.—Full Cry and the Death, dated 1818 and signed by J. N. Sartorius, a pair, each 27 by 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 1,100 gns.—*The Piping Shepherd*, seated under a tree with a dog beside him, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 32 by 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 1,300 gns.—Miss Anna Minett, by Gainsborough Dupont, 21 by 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 240 gns.—a woodland scene with a log-cutter and peasants, signed by William Shayer, senior, 13 by 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 160 gns.—fisherfolk on the shore near Southampton, signed by William Shayer, senior, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 220 gns.—a wooded landscape with a watermill and children, by Frederick Waters Watts (1800-62), 55 by 43 ins., 380 gns.—an open landscape with peasants, a cottage and cattle, by F. W. Watts, 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 51 ins., 480 gns. Some XIXth century paintings in the same sale showed variations in price: The Rivals seen from Anglesea, dated 1885 and signed by John Brett, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 48 ins., 65 gns.—the Plain of Esdraelon from the heights above Nazareth, by William Holman Hunt, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 180 gns.—a still-life of grapes, pineapples and game-birds, dated 1857 and signed by William Duffield, 43 by 55 ins., 200 gns.—a portrait of Maurice Sons, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 55 gns.—From Hand to Mouth, by Thomas Faed, 17 by 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 28 gns.—St. Valentine's Day, dated 1865 and signed by J. C. Horsley, 16 by 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 190 gns. A further sale of Old Master paintings totalled almost £100,000, and included: a portrait of Jan Malderus, Bishop of Antwerp, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, 44 by 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 2,400 gns.—a portrait of Nicolas Granvella, by Anthonis Mor, 43 by 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 1,800 gns.—a view of the Grand Canal, Venice, by Canaletto, 31 by 47 ins., 3,400 gns.—The Continents, by Angelo Solimena, a set of four, each 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 28 ins., 800 gns.—The Inspiration of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Philippe de Champagne, 33 by 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., 1,100 gns.—St. Jerome at his

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